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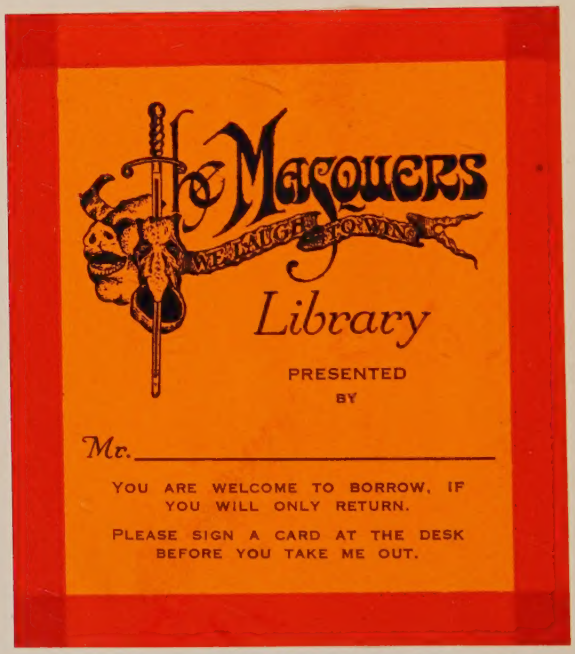
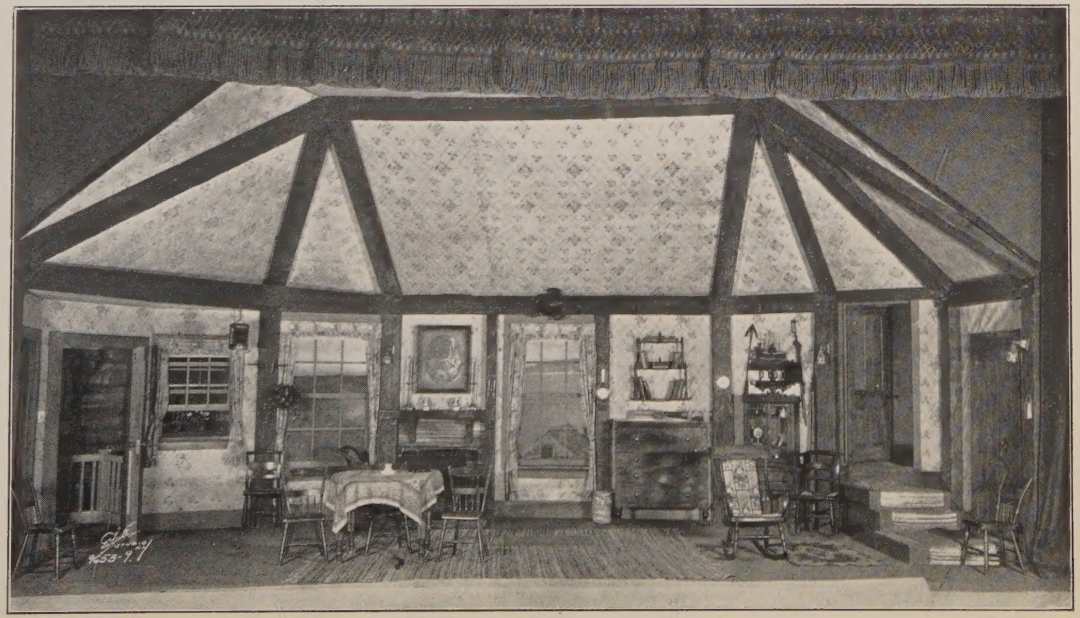


SALT WATER



SALT WATER

A Fresh Play

BY

JOHN GOLDEN

AND

DAN JARRETT

SAMUEL FRENCH
Thos. R. Edwards Managing Director
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES
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"Salt Water" was first produced by John Golden at the John Golden Theatre in New York City on November 26, 1929. The play was directed by Mr. Golden, and the cast was as follows:

John Horner.....*Frank Craven*
Marion Potter.....*Una Merkel*
Sam Bowen.....*Claude Cooper*
Percival Todd.....*Alan Goode*
Pansy Horner.....*Edythe Elliott*
Hattie Horner.....*Patricia O'Hearn*
Jim Quirk.....*James C. Lane*
Harrison Davis.....*Robert Burton*
Nick Dominick.....*William Edmunds*
Doctor Price.....*Henry Lawrence*
Buddy Holt.....*George Spelvin, Jr.*

The Scenes of the play occur at the home of John and Pansy Horner at Snag Harbor.

SALT WATER

ACT I

TIME: *Six o'clock of a bright September afternoon.*

SCENE: *Living-room of the home of* JOHN *and* PANSY HORNER *at Snag Harbor. It is an old-fashioned beamed room, wooden-pegged and solid. There is an atmosphere of substantial, well-used comfort about it.*

Down right, starting from the tormentor, there is a post, about a foot wide, of dark, stained wood, to match the beams in the ceiling. Then there is a wing, three feet six inches wide, in which there is a door, three feet wide, leading to the kitchen. The backing for this entrance has shelves for dishes, kitchen utensils, glasses, and other props used from kitchen. There is also a kitchen table.

Above the kitchen door there is a wing four feet three inches wide, with a door three feet wide, leading to the street, which opens on and up, and is used as the general entrance. This door is backed by a set piece, showing part of another house. There is a hand rail, as though this door led to a small porch.

Above the street door there is a three-foot, six-inch wing, with a window two feet, six inches wide. There is a box of geraniums, or other brightly colored flowers, on the outside sill, and an evergreen bush is just outside.

These three wings are set in the form of a bow.

Next to this small window wing there is another foot-wide post, then a wing, set slightly oblique, four feet, six inches wide, with a foot-wide beam or post at the right and an eight-inch beam at the left, and between them a heavily beamed mantel-piece. Over the mantel there is an old painting of Captain Horner, JOHN'S *father. On the mantel are two heavy candlesticks, with candles.*

Next, a four-foot, six-inch wing with another eight-inch post at left, and a window three feet, six inches center.

Then a four-foot, six-inch wing, against which is placed a fine old chest of five drawers. Over it are old-fashioned book-shelves containing old books. On the top of the chest there are several ornaments, a hand-mirror, a tobacco jar and PANSY'S *mother's picture, facing front.*

Then another foot-wide post and a wing four feet, six inches wide, with an old curio cabinet center, above which are two shelves, holding a quadrant, telescope and other nautical implements. The top shelf is empty and must be large enough to hold small boat model which JOHN *places there in first act. At stage left end of top shelf* JOHN'S *father's captain's hat hangs on a nail. There are several old harpoons framing these shelves. This wing is set obliquely down stage.*

Still running obliquely down stage, there is the usual foot-wide post and then a four-foot, six-inch wing, with a door three feet wide, starting about six inches left of post. The door is cut twenty-eight inches above floor, as there is a flight of three steps leading up to it, with a three-cornered platform, twenty-one inches high, in front of it. This door is backed by a plat-

form twenty-eight inches high and a plain backing, leading to the bedroom.

Running straight down stage on the left there is a five-foot, nine-inch wing, with a foot-wide post upstage, and a closet door, two feet, six inches wide, opening on and up, is about eight inches above post, which ends setting, corresponding to post on right of set.

The closet opens onto a platform, which forms the first step, seven inches high. The second step is fourteen inches high (from stage). The backing for the closet has hooks for raincoats, PANSY'S *coat and hat,* JOHN'S *suit,* JOHN'S *hat, etc.*

Down R. *there is a small chair against post. Another small chair is under window* R. *Three other chairs are around table which is* D.R.C.—*one chair at back, one at left and one at right of table.*

Before fireplace, facing L., *is a wicker armchair, upholstered in chintz to match the window draperies. Under window* C. *is a waste basket.*

Left C. *is a large old-fashioned rocking-chair, also upholstered in chintz.*

Down L. *another small chair is against the post. A matching small chair is against platform* U.L., *left of curio cabinet.*

Telephone is in cut-out in wall below closet L.

On the post separating windows R. *and* R.C. *there is a large hook, from which a hanging fern-bowl is suspended.*

There is a twenty-four-foot rain trough, running straight across stage, back of windows.

Back of this there is a house-top row. Then, a few feet back, a water-row, grooved for the ferry boat, which works on cue, by a windlass.

The back drop is of land and water and sky in the distance.

The set has a thirty-foot opening, and the minimum stage depth in which it can be used, including the back rows, is twenty feet.

The curtain rises on an empty stage.

(FERRY Whistle.)

As the ferry whistle is heard, the little boat can be seen crossing from right to left. The boat crosses twice again during act at intervals of ten minutes—two minute cross.

(There is a noise at the door, as though someone were trying the knob and finding the door locked. There is a muffled remark of complaint outside. A key is inserted into the lock, the door is opened and JOHN HORNER *enters. As a rule he is very well satisfied with himself, but at the moment he is discontented over the fact that his wife is not at home. He is a descendant of a long line of hard-headed fishermen and a typical young seacoast American. He wears an old blue seaman's cap and a neat blue suit. Entering, he looks about the room, a bit nonplussed at finding no one at home. Then he crosses left, stopping at the bureau to lay mother's picture face downward on top of it. He continues left to the steps, mounts them and opens the bedroom door. The clock off-stage strikes six, as he calls.)*

JOHN. Pansy! Pansy! *(He gives a low whistle. The clock finishes striking. He looks out over the room again, and then ambles down the stairs to the platform in front of closet door. He pulls his cap off his head, regards it for a moment, and then opening the closet door, he throws it from him onto the floor of the closet, mumbling)* That's the end of that. *(He crosses right, below table, muttering as he goes)* Now where the hell do you suppose—— *(He goes into the kitchen. We hear him fussing about in the icebox*

off stage and the noise of kitchen utensils being handled.)

(At the same time a knock is heard at the street door. The knock is repeated. Then the door is timidly opened and MARION POTTER *enters. She is a wide-eyed, ingenuous young lady of about nineteen. She dresses very smartly in a girlish fashion. After glancing around the room, she bangs the door shut, hoping to attract someone's attention.)*

JOHN. *(In the kitchen)* Oh, you're home at last, are you? Finally made up your mind you'd show up. Of all the damn dames, you're the limit. Every other woman I know finds time to stay home and attend to her own business, but not you—oh, no, not you! (MARION *crosses toward* L.C., *enjoying* JOHN'S *mistake immensely.)* You've got to go chasing around all over the place, showing up whenever you feel like it. Here I've been waiting for you for half an hour. Say, who the hell were you out with? Come on, give an account—— (JOHN *enters. For just a moment he stands regarding* MARION, *stunned at the realization that he hasn't been talking to his wife. Then he laughs)* I beg your pardon, Miss Potter.

MARION. *(Standing left of table)* What on earth's the matter with you?

JOHN. *(Grinning)* I thought you were my wife.

MARION. Is that the way you talk to your wife?

JOHN. *(Taking a step left)* That's the way you have to talk to some of them. Intimate like.

MARION. Oh.—Where *is* Pansy? *(She comes around to back of table.)*

JOHN. At the office, I suppose.

MARION. No, she isn't. I stopped by there to see her, and Mr. Davis said she had left.

JOHN. Then I don't know where she is. I never

know where she is. That's the kind of a wife I've got. I even have to get my own meals. *That's* the kind of a wife I've got. *(He takes a step left)* Won't you sit down and wait for her?

MARION. *(Crossing right very slowly)* Well, if you don't know when she's going to be in——

JOHN. *(Crossing* L. *to closet, taking off his coat as he goes)* No, I don't.

MARION. Then maybe I'd better see her later.

JOHN. *(Turning with a wide grin)* Been in swimming lately?

MARION. *(Turns to him, near street door, smiling)* Yes, but not 'way out. I'll never do that again.

JOHN. *(At closet door, hanging up his coat inside)* 'Fraid Perce wouldn't go in for you the second time, eh?

MARION. *(Coming back toward* C.*)* Oh, I know he'd do that. He's so brave. Why, there I was, over my head, with the tide pulling me out and the waves buffeting me about—sinking for the last time, and when I came to—— (JOHN *comes to* C. *and regards her smilingly.)* I was in his arms and I was safe and I looked up into his big blue eyes—— (JOHN *giggles. She stops, a bit abashed)* Well, anyway, he saved my life.

JOHN. Well, that's what a life guard gets paid for.

MARION. Well, I can't feel so impersonal about it. I feel that I owe him everything in the world. Don't you think if a person saves your life you owe him a lot of appreciation and everything?

JOHN. I suppose so.

MARION. I'm going to take him over to meet my grandfather.

JOHN. Is old J. P. in town?

MARION. He's down over the week-end. He's settling up the Potter estate down here with Mr. Davis.

JOHN. What do you mean, "settling up"?

MARION. Why, he's selling all his real estate and holdings down here.

JOHN. Selling the ferry, too?

MARION. Didn't you know?

JOHN. Know what?

MARION. That he was selling it?

JOHN. No.

MARION. Well, he is.—*Has,* I guess.

JOHN. Well, he ought to get a nickel for it.

MARION. Mr. Davis says the ferry is a good business proposition.

JOHN. Why doesn't he buy it, then?

MARION. I think he has.

JOHN. No! *(He claps his hands. Walks upstage toward window* C.*)* Now my wife won't have that to talk about! She's been trying to get me to buy that ferry for the last month. And now Davis has bought it! And that's the fellow my wife thinks is so smart. Mr. Davis thinks this and Mr. Davis says that!—Wait until she hears about it! *(He comes down* C.*)*

MARION. *(Back of table)* She probably has, being there in the office. Hasn't she said anything about it?

JOHN. Not to me.

MARION. Don't you think it's a good thing?

JOHN. Oh, yes. All they need is a new dock and a new boat and they've got a ferry. The water is the only thing that doesn't need fixing down there. No wonder your grand-dad wanted to sell it. He's a smart man, is Old J. P.

(SAM BOWEN *enters. He is a man who has spent his whole life on the sea. A typical old sailor. He carries a ship's model covered by a large blue handkerchief.)*

SAM. *(To* JOHN.*)* Hello, there, skipper.

JOHN. Come in, Sam.

SAM. *(Crossing to back of table)* How are you, Miss Potter?

MARION. Good afternoon, Captain Bowen.

BOWEN. *(Putting the ship's model on the table)* I've got a surprise for you, young fellow.—Look. *(He uncovers the model, putting the handkerchief in his pocket.)*

JOHN. *(Sitting in chair left of table)* Sam! *(He stares rapturously at the boat.)*

MARION. Oh, isn't that pretty? *(She is right of table.)*

SAM. That's something I've been wantin' to give this young fellow for a long time.

JOHN. *(Still with his eyes glued to the boat, but in a sort of explanation to* MARION*)* My father's boat.

SAM. Yep, that's the *Emily-Jane*. I made that model the summer I busted my ankle. Sold it to a ship's chandler, and when he went out of business he sold it to a conductor on the Long Island Railroad. Just found out by accident that he had it.

JOHN. *(Picking up the boat)* I can put her up there, right alongside of his cap. *(He goes upstage left to where his father's cap hangs on a nail that is in a shelf over the curio cabinet.* SAM *and* MARION *follow him up,* SAM *to right of* JOHN *and* MARION *at right of* SAM. JOHN *stands off and admires the little boat after putting it on the shelf beside the cap)* Looks nice up there, doesn't it? This was my father's corner, Miss Potter. There's his quadrant, and his spyglass, and there are the old harpoons—*(Pointing to the harpoons that flank the cabinet)*—they used on board the old whaler. And there's his captain's hat. And I'm going to wear that hat some day. (SAM *murmurs a "You bet!")* Soon, maybe. (JOHN *turns to* SAM.*)* What do I owe you for it, Sam?

SAM. Oh, that's a present. Didn't cost me nothin'.

I swapped my parrot for it. *(He faces front as he speaks.)*

JOHN. *(Still with back to audience)* Oh, say, Sam, I couldn't let you——

(MARION *stands at right of bureau, still looking at the captain's corner.)*

SAM. Now don't go upsettin' yourself. I was glad to git rid of her. She talked so danged much she reminded me of my old lady.

MARION. *(Taking a step down toward them)* Your mother?

SAM. No, my wife. (MARION, *with a little "Oh!" goes back to regarding the curios.)* Funny part is, the bird's gab was what he liked. I never see anyone take such a shine to anything as he did to that parrot. I think, by gosh, if he could have taught her to cook and be a little affectionate, he'd 'a' married the darn bird! (MARION *crosses* R. *to back of table.)*

JOHN. *(Regarding the boat lovingly)* Gee, this brings back memories, Sam.

SAM. She's a true model, Johnny. Every spar, ratline, cable and sail are there. *(He turns to* MARION) It was a great thrill in the old days, Miss Potter, to see that whaler put to sea and hear the crowd on the wharf yellin', "Greasy luck!"

JOHN. *(Turning front and leaning against rocking-chair* L.C.*)* She never came back empty-handed, either.

SAM. The old man ought to have died rich.

JOHN. *(Hanging over back of chair, rocking back and forth a bit)* Yes, he ought to have. Gee, I'll never forget how the old man taught me to navigate. Many a night we travelled to the Cape of Good Hope, went round the Horn, and came home with a load of sperm oil between supper and bed time. And if I went wrong on a calculation, I had to dodge darn quick. It's a wonder I didn't get hump-backed from

ducking under that table. (JOHN *comes around in front of chair and sits in it, facing right.)*

MARION. *(Making a little move toward door but facing left)* You don't happen to know where Percy is, do you, Mr. Bowen?

SAM. *(Center)* Well, not right this minute.

MARION. *(Making another move toward door)* Well, if you do happen to meet him, will you tell him I want to see him?

SAM. *(Crossing over toward* MARION *as far as back of table)* Say, you've taken quite a shine to Percy, ain't you?

MARION. *(Coming back a step to back of table)* Well, after all, when anybody saves your life—(JOHN *giggles again)*—you just naturally seem to feel that you sort of owe him—— (SAM *is smiling broadly at her. The attitude of the two men rather rattles her.)* Well, there seems to be a reason for—well—you understand. *(She turns away toward door.)*

SAM. *(Smiling)* Well, not exactly. But then, he never saved my life.

MARION. No? Well, perhaps there was a reason for that, too. *(She exits, closing door.)*

SAM. *(Looks after her. Then gives a look to* JOHN. *Laughs)* She's a smart 'un, ain't she? *(Crosses toward* JOHN, *who is still in chair* L.C.*)* Where's your wife?

JOHN. Not home yet.

SAM. Does she know you quit your job?

JOHN. Sure. She wanted me to give it up. But I'm not saying anything to her about the new deal.

SAM. You ain't?

JOHN. I should say not.

SAM. Well, I drew that five hundred out of the bank. *(He goes to reach for it)* Want to take it now?

JOHN. No, Sam. Wait till we're sure the deal is

closed. And listen, when Pansy's around, don't say anything about it.

SAM. *(A bit dully)* No?

JOHN. No. I mentioned it to her once or twice, but she hollered her head off. Wives are funny like that. But I'm going to do it. I'm going to be captain of my own ship, the same as my father and his father was before him.

(PERCY *enters.* PERCY *is the local life guard. He is a fine, strapping athlete, with a thick Southern accent. He is very young and good-looking.)*

PERCY. *(Opening door)* Hello, mates.

JOHN. Hello, Perce. Come on in. (PERCY *crosses above table to* C.) Look what Sam just gave me. (JOHN *points to the little boat.* SAM *is right of* JOHN, *up a bit.)*

PERCY. *(Looking at the boat)* Gee, that's a peach! *(Then he goes back to back of chair left of table)* Say, is that true about you giving up your job on the night boat?

JOHN. Truest thing you know. Drew my last pay today and quit forever.

PERCY. What's the idea?

SAM. *(To* JOHN*)* Think we ought to tell him? *(He is fixing his pipe, standing between* PERCY *and* JOHN *and up from them.)*

JOHN. *(To* PERCY*)* Can you keep your trap closed?

PERCY. Sure. What's the secret?

JOHN. Tell him, Sam.

SAM. *(Importantly)* We're closin' a deal to buy the *Barracuda.*

PERCY. *(Amazed)* The *Barracuda! (He sits in chair left of table, turning it to face* JOHN*)* You mean that big, three-masted schooner of Dominick's,

lying over there at Montauk? *(There is great envy in his voice.)*

SAM. That's her.

JOHN. I'm going to be captain. *(He nods toward* SAM*)* Sam's going to be first mate. Tell him where we're going, Sam.

SAM. *(Spreading it on thick, between puffs at trying to light his pipe)* West Indies—Guadaloupe—Haiti. *(Very importantly)* I'm putting five hundred dollars in the deal.

PERCY. *(Leaning toward* JOHN*)* So you're going to get your wish at last! *(A bit enviously)* By golly, you always were crazy about deep-sea sailing, weren't you?

JOHN. *(Rather dreamily)* Yes, I've always had romance in me. Get it from my dad, I guess. I've always had pictures in my mind of far-away lands and beautiful foreign women.

PERCY. *(Eagerly)* Never got to see any of them, did you?

JOHN. Hell, no. All I ever saw was the Palisades, from the deck of the Albany night boat.

PERCY. Well, you were first mate. *That's* a good job.

JOHN. If you like river work. I don't. I've set my heart on salt water and I won't be satisfied until that's where I am.

SAM. *(Crossing to table to get his cap)* Well, I'm going over and take another look at the *Barracuda* this afternoon, Johnny. Why don't you come along? Jim Quirk's drivin' me over in his Ford.

JOHN. How'd you ever get that guy to leave his fish store?

SAM. *(Coming back to* C.*)* Jim heard about a load of bluefish they've just landed off the Point. He's goin' after them. And I made him take me.

JOHN. I'll go along with you.

PERCY. *(Rising and getting his hat from table)* So will I.

SAM. *(With a step toward him)* No, your gal wants you to hang around here.

PERCY. *(Back of table)* Aw—whose gal?

JOHN. Well, you saved her life, didn't you? And when anybody saves anybody's life—— *(He mimics* MARION*)* The very least you can do——

PERCY. Aw—she went out over her head and I fished her out. I almost wish now I'd pushed her back in again.

SAM. *(C.)* That's no way to talk. She's a nice gal.

PERCY. Sure she is, but I don't want to get to liking her too much. I've done that too many times. Last year—that girl—down around the beach every day—invited me to come and see her in New York. And when I got there—she didn't even know me.

JOHN. Why didn't you wear your bathing suit?

PERCY. Huh?

JOHN. She probably didn't recognize you with your clothes on.

PERCY. Aw—now—that's all right. *(He takes a step right.)*

SAM. But this one's different. She's a *nice* girl!

PERCY. I know she is. What'd she say she wanted me to hang around for? (SAM *starts to answer, but* JOHN *speaks first.)*

JOHN. She wants to take you over to meet her grandfather, J. P.

PERCY. *(Smiling)* She does? Well, I'm going over to Montauk with you fellows. *(He starts for door.)*

JOHN. Tell you what—I want to get a bite of something to eat and change my clothes. You fellows pick up Jim and the car and come back here for me. (SAM *and* PERCY *start* R. *for door.)*

SAM. *(Crossing* R.*)* Aye-aye, matey! Come on, Percy.

(PANSY HORNER *enters. She is a young American working girl, with a tendency to mother her husband. She enters rather breathlessly, carrying her hat in one hand and a hatbox in the other.)*

PANSY. Hello, Sam.

SAM. Hello, Pansy.

PANSY. How are you, Percy? *(She puts her hatbox on the table.)*

PERCY. Fine. How are you?

JOHN. *(As soon as* PANSY *gets in door)* Well, it's about time you came home. (PANSY *starts crossing* L. *toward closet with her hat. Stops on way across to set mother's picture upright, facing front.)* Where the devil have you been?

PANSY. John, dear, your voice.

JOHN. Never mind my voice! I want you to distinctly understand——

PERCY. Well, I guess I'll get under way. See you later, John. Good-bye, Pansy. *(He exits hurriedly.)*

(SAM *starts to follow* PERCY.)

PANSY. *(From closet)* What's your hurry, Sam?

SAM. *(Going through door)* Those whom God hath joined together should battle it out alone. *(He exits, closing door.* PANSY *crosses from closet toward table.)*

JOHN. Didn't I tell you I'd be home this afternoon as soon as we were paid off?

PANSY. *(Back of table)* Come to think of it, you did, John. *(She puts the hatbox on the chair back of table and takes off the table-cover, putting it on back of chair* R. *of table.)*

JOHN. This is a fine time to come to think of it. It's the way you think about everything.

PANSY. I'll get you something to eat in just a minute, dear. *(Starts for kitchen)* I've only to put it on the fire.

JOHN. I've already done that.

PANSY. Oh, did you? That's fine. *(She exits into kitchen.)*

JOHN. I'm going to tell you a few things, young lady. Everything is going to be different in this house beginning today. From now on we're going to put a little system in this family and suppose we let it begin with my meals. *(Rising)* I'm not going to sing for them—*(He crosses behind table toward* R.*)* —and I'm not going to offer any rewards for them. But I want them when they're supposed to be ready. Is that understood?

PANSY. *(Entering from kitchen, with her apron on and tablecloth in hand, also two napkins)* Yes, dear, and I'd have been home sooner, only mother called at the office and we went shopping together.

JOHN. Oh—mother called! *(Goes up toward window)* I thought mother'd have something to do with it. *(Goes to bureau and lays mother's picture face downward again)* Why doesn't your mother go home and fix your father's meals?

PANSY. *(Putting the tablecloth on the table. Mildly)* You know, John, in all my life I never once heard my father say anything to my mother about his meals.

JOHN. *(Down center)* Nor about anything else. Your mother'd feed your father one meal a day all winter and he'd show up in the spring with a double chin. But I'm not your father. *(He starts unfastening his tie.)*

PANSY. Oh, don't be so grouchy, dear. I don't know what's gotten into you!

JOHN. Nothing's gotten into me! That's the trouble! I'm empty!

PANSY. *(Starting for kitchen. Soothingly)* Well, we'll have something before long now. *(Exits into kitchen.)*

JOHN. *(Crossing to closet, collar in hand)* Did you pay Healy his bill?

PANSY. *(Coming out of kitchen with knives and forks)* Why—no—dear, I didn't.

JOHN. *(On platform in front of closet, with closet door open)* Didn't you take twelve dollars out of the bank this morning to pay the butcher?

PANSY. *(Putting the knives and forks on the table, but not setting them)* Yes, dear, and if you'll be patient for just a moment, I'll tell you why I didn't.

JOHN. *(Turning his back to her and starting to unfasten his collar and tie)* You bet you will.

PANSY. *(Putting hatbox on table and taking hat out of it)* Well, do you remember letting me have five dollars to buy a hat?

JOHN. *(Without turning)* I'll say I do.

PANSY. Well, I bought it and I'm just crazy about it. *(She crosses* L.*)* Isn't it stunning? *(She holds it up for his inspection.)*

JOHN. *(Regards it dully)* Which is the front?

PANSY. *(*C. *Turning hat)* And just think, John, at Julie's they're asking twenty-five dollars for this very hat.

JOHN. Yeah? What's that got to do with the butcher's money? *(Puts collar and tie on light bracket.)*

PANSY. Well, you see, I found out I could get this one for fifteen dollars, but you only gave me five, so I took the butcher's money and bought it. Mother said, "Grab it," and I did.

JOHN. *(Taking off his vest)* Well, you'd better hold on to it, because if I grab it I'll tear it up. *(Hangs vest in closet.)* You didn't need a new hat,

anyway. That's what I get for banking the money in your name.

PANSY. *(Crossing R. to table)* I never did it before, John, and it was such a bargain. Mother said it would be criminal not to take it.

JOHN. Oh, mother said that! *(He crosses up to bureau)* Well, you tell your mother to stop being such a sport with my money! *(He starts opening the bureau drawers)* I worked hard for that dough.

PANSY. *(Back of table)* Some of it's my savings, too, John. (JOHN *gives her a look.)* Although, of course, most of it *is* yours. *(She exits meekly into kitchen.)*

JOHN. I'll say it is. *(He opens all the drawers, one by one, looking through them vainly for his clean laundry.* PANSY *returns from kitchen with salt and pepper and glasses.)* Hey—where's my laundry?

PANSY. *(Hearing him, but stalling for time, as she knows what is coming)* Your what?

JOHN. *(Looking over at her from bureau)* My laundry.

PANSY. Oh, your laundry.

JOHN. Yes—my laundry. Did it come back yet?

PANSY. Oh, yes.

JOHN. Well, it's a wonder. *(Looks into top drawer again.)*

PANSY. *(Timidly and looking front)* I knew there was something I wanted to tell you about and now I remember—it was your laundry.

JOHN. *(Looking at her in some surprise)* Well, what about it?

PANSY. *(Hopelessly)* I don't know where it is.

JOHN. *(Just a trifle ominously)* You don't know where what is?

PANSY. *(Timidly)* Your laundry. You see, I gave it to mother the other night to leave on her way home, and I forgot to ask her what laundry she left it in.

JOHN. *(Too calmly)* Do you mean to say you don't know *where* my laundry is?

PANSY. I just told you—mother took it.

JOHN. What the devil is your mother doing with my laundry?

PANSY. *(Trying to hush him)* John, dear, your voice!

JOHN. *(Crossing toward her)* Say, what do you think I am, a boy scout? Now you come on and tell me where my laundry is.

PANSY. I just told you. Mother took it!

JOHN. Well, what am I supposed to do? Walk around naked while your mother *plays* with my laundry?

PANSY. John, dear, your voice!

JOHN. Never mind my voice! Your mother can't steal *my* laundry. I'll bet if anybody stole your mother's balbriggans, she'd be hollering for the cops. *(He goes* L.*)*

PANSY. *(Following him a bit angrily, crossing back of table)* John Horner, don't you dare say that again.

JOHN. Say what again?

PANSY. That my mother steals.

JOHN. *(Center)* Well, where's my laundry?

PANSY. *(Helplessly)* I just told you—mother took it.

JOHN. *(Doggedly)* Well, why doesn't she give it back?

PANSY. You'll get your laundry back, John.

JOHN. But you admit that she took it. *(He goes up to bureau.)*

PANSY. *(Going back to table)* But she didn't steal it. What do you suppose my mother would think if she heard you say such a thing?

JOHN. *(Crossing* L.C.*)* What do I care what she thinks? I'll tell you what *I* think. If I had taken a good look at your mother before we were married—

(He gives her a dark look) Yep-yep-yep—yes, sir! And there're a hundred million others like me.

PANSY. *(Staring at him)* I don't know what you're talking about, John.

JOHN. God, everything in this house is what your mother thinks we should have. Mother thinks we should have this color curtains and mother thinks we should have this kind of bed, and mother thinks we should have this set of dishes——

PANSY. *(Holding up a plate)* Well, it's a pretty set of dishes, John.

JOHN. What of it? You don't eat the dishes, do you? I don't like them, I tell you. I never did like them! In the future you pay less attention to what your mother thinks and a little more to what *I* think! Get me? *(He turns away* L. *from her.)*

PANSY. Yes, dear. *(She picks up her new hat and crosses* C. *to him)* What do you want me to do about the hat? Shall I take it back? They'll refund the money.

JOHN. *(Looking at the hat carefully for the first time)* No, you've got it now. Keep it.

(HATTIE *enters.* HATTIE *is* JOHN'S *sister. She is about* PANSY'S *age, but entirely different in temperament. She has a great love of "wisecracks" and torments her brother with them.)*

PANSY. *(Throwing her arms around* JOHN'S *neck)* I knew you'd say that, dear. *(She kisses him.)*

HATTIE. *(Coming center)* What are you doing, paying a bet?

PANSY. *(Letting go of* JOHN *and turning to* HATTIE*)* Oh, hello, Hattie. *(She holds out her new hat, crossing* R. *to* HATTIE. JOHN *goes down* L. *to closet.)* See what I just bought. Do you like it?

HATTIE. *(Fingering the hat)* Gee, it's a peach.

PANSY. Awfully extravagant, though. *(Glances*

at JOHN, *who is now redressing himself at closet door)* Cost fifteen dollars.

HATTIE. Well, what of it? You earn your own money, don't you? *(She puts her hat on the bureau. Then nods to* JOHN*)* Hello, useless. *(He gives her a look.)*

PANSY. *(Puts her new hat on the bureau, too. Turns her mother's picture front again. To* HATTIE*)* Have you had your supper, Hattie? *(She crosses toward table.)*

HATTIE. *(Taking a few steps down* C.*)* Sure. *(Then to* JOHN*)* Say, what's this I hear about you quitting your job?

PANSY. *(Going into kitchen)* I made him do it, Hattie. He was hardly ever home nights.

HATTIE. *(Callously)* Well, that was something to be thankful for.

PANSY. *(Coming out of kitchen with pitcher of water)* Not to me it wasn't. He can't be home too much to suit me. *(Picks up table-cover from back of chair* R. *and starts folding it)* Besides, I never did like the idea of his being on that old night boat. I was always afraid.

JOHN. *(From platform in front of open closet)* Afraid of what? *(He is still dressing.)*

PANSY. Well, an awful lot of women travel on those night boats—and I was always afraid—— (JOHN *grins broadly.)* Well, you know what I mean.

HATTIE. Yeah. If they ran out of male passengers they might—*(She looks at* JOHN*)*—pick on the crew!

PANSY. Well, I'm not taking any chances. I love him and I don't want to lose him. *(She exits into kitchen with table-cover.)*

HATTIE. *(Regarding* JOHN*)* Too bad you threw up that position, though. First mate's a pretty good

job, isn't it, marblehead? (JOHN *gives her another hard look.)* What are you going to do now?

JOHN. I haven't decided.

PANSY. *(Coming out of kitchen with bread and butter)* So long as you don't go sailing away to some foreign place and leaving me, I don't care what you do.

JOHN. I could make a lot of money if I had a good ship. (PANSY *exits into kitchen again.)*

HATTIE. Yeah, look at all the money our father and grandfathers made and the good ships they had! At the end of two generations I got two thousand dollars and you got this eighteen-twelve model mansion. *(She crosses to chair left of table.)*

JOHN. They weren't good business men.

HATTIE. *(Sitting in chair)* Well, you haven't shown that you are any captain of industry yet.

(PANSY *returns from kitchen with plates.)*

JOHN. *(Crossing below chair* L.C. *and going up to window* C.*)* I don't want to be any captain of industry! I want to be a captain of a ship! I want to sail!

PANSY. *(Right of table)* Then why don't you do as I've suggested? We have the money. You could buy that ferry.

JOHN. *(Disgustedly)* Ferry nothing! I said sail!

HATTIE. Well, can't you sail on a ferry boat?

JOHN. *(Coming down stage)* No, you can't. You go from here to there—— *(Illustrating with a gesture)* Six minutes each way. Who wants to do that? *(He goes back up toward window* C.*)*

HATTIE. A lot of people would rather go that way than swim.

JOHN. *(To* PANSY*)* You just want to chain me up somewhere, so you can take that spyglass and see what I'm doing all the time. *(He comes down*

stage) You want me to be a sailor, but you don't want me to sail anywhere! Maybe you'd like me to get a little toy boat and sail it around the bathtub. *(He makes another gesture illustrating the toy boat as he mentions it. He goes back up to window.)*

PANSY. Oh, John, I want you to be a success. And the ferry is a fine proposition. We have the money in the bank—we can buy the ferry and the dock.

JOHN. *(Coming down again)* Yeah, that's a great dock. If three people sneezed all at one time, the whole damn thing would fall in.

PANSY. It wouldn't cost much to fix the dock, John.

JOHN. Listen. I may not be a smart business man, according to you two, but I'm a lot smarter than your friend and boss, Mr. Davis. *(He goes up to window* R. *of fireplace.)*

HATTIE. *(Looking at him)* Than Davis! You don't even start with him.

JOHN. *(Coming down right)* I don't have to start with him. I can give him a handicap and be smarter than he is. He's bought your old ferry.

PANSY. *(Back of table. Dropping a spoon. Vastly concerned)* Where did you hear that?

JOHN. *(Right of table)* Marion Potter told me. Old J. P. came down here looking for a sucker to unload that ferry on, and he took one look at Davis and said, "I've found my man." *(He paces up and down right of table.)*

HATTIE. So *Davis* has bought the ferry.

JOHN. Yes, and I'm glad for two reasons. I couldn't wish him any worse luck and it will stop you —*(To* PANSY*)*—talking about it any longer. After this, when we're discussing my future, I'll do the planning and there won't be any ferry in it!

PANSY. *(Going to him anxiously)* But you'd never go away, John—I mean on a ship, would you?

JOHN. Why not?

PANSY. And leave me for months at a time?

JOHN. *(At kitchen door)* Well, you don't seem so anxious to see me that you're home when I get here. And there'd be one thing about being away on a boat like that—I'd at least know where my laundry was. *(He exits into kitchen.)*

PANSY. *(At the kitchen door)* Oh, I think you're terrible to talk like that, and if I thought you were serious about it——

JOHN. *(In kitchen)* About what?

PANSY. About sailing away some place.

JOHN. *(Still in kitchen)* What would you do?

PANSY. I wouldn't let you go. *(The telephone rings.)* I'd make you stay here. *(She crosses left toward 'phone, which is below closet.)*

JOHN. *(Laughs off in kitchen)* You'd have a fat chance making me stay if I didn't want to!

PANSY. *(Into 'phone)* Hello. Oh, hello, Mr. Davis.

HATTIE. Your boss?

PANSY. *(To* HATTIE*)* Yes. *(Into 'phone)* It is? Well, I couldn't come over right now. (JOHN *enters from kitchen with a stick of celery in his hand. He is munching on a cracker.)* Yes. Yes. (PANSY *gives a guilty look toward* JOHN*)* Oh, that's fine. (JOHN *goes to table and puts salt on celery. Then goes up toward window* C., *regarding* PANSY.*)* No. No. No. (JOHN *takes bite of celery.)* Well, it's awfully sweet of you and I do appreciate it. Good-bye. *(She puts the 'phone away and crosses back to the table, trying to appear nonchalant.)*

JOHN. *(As* PANSY *gets back to table)* Who was that?

PANSY. *(Lightly)* Oh—that was Mr. Davis. *(She fixes the table things.)*

JOHN. *(Munching)* What's he so sweet about?

PANSY. Why—he—called me up. He wanted to do me a favor.

JOHN. *(Throwing the celery remains into the waste basket, which is right of the bureau, under window, and starting to munch some crackers he has in his hand)* Listen—I can do all the favors necessary for this family.

HATTIE. *(To* PANSY*)* Sure, if you're a nice girl, you can wash the windows and he'll let you look out.

JOHN. *(Coming down* C. *To* HATTIE*)* You keep out of this! *(She gives him a look. He takes a step left, then turns to* PANSY*)* I suppose that's the reason for the new hat. You wanted to make a hit with the big boss, Mr. Davis.

HATTIE. Oh, every girl wants to look her best.

JOHN. She's no girl. She's a married woman.

HATTIE. You ought to be proud to think she's attractive to other people.

JOHN. She doesn't have to be attractive to anybody but me—and anybody who doesn't like that doesn't have to stay around here. Now what do you think of that? *(He turns the rocker with a little important kick of his foot so that it faces front, from its former position of facing right.)*

PANSY. I didn't dream you felt that way, John. He was just advising me——

JOHN. *(Standing in front of chair)* I'll give all the advice necessary in this family. I was born with a few brains, you know.

HATTIE. *(Absently)* Ain't nature wonderful?

JOHN. *(Crossing right to* HATTIE*)* Now look here——

PANSY. *(Coming around from back of table to back of* HATTIE*)* Oh, Hattie, I think you're terrible! Why don't you leave him alone? You know how sensitive John is!

HATTIE. *(Looking from one to the other)* Hey, one at a time! (JOHN *takes few steps left.)*

PANSY. *(Goes to him, motheringly)* Don't mind her, dear. You'll be all upset. I'll have something for you to eat in just a minute. *(She turns and gives* HATTIE *a little slap on the knee)* Be quiet, will you? *(Then she exits into the kitchen below table.)*

HATTIE. Oh, what's the use?

JOHN. *(Sitting in chair* L.C.*)* You just hate to see anybody happy.

HATTIE. Happy? She's more miserable with you than she'd be without you, if she only realized it.

JOHN. *(Still munching on crackers)* Well, you let *her* find that out. You're the kind that causes arguments in families.

HATTIE. Listen, if you had any more arguments in this family, you wouldn't have time to say good-morning.

JOHN. The trouble with you is, you've been sour ever since you couldn't grab off Jim Quirk.

HATTIE. I wouldn't grab him if he had a handle on him. *(She puts her handbag down on table with a bang and rises.)*

JOHN. *(Is delighted)* That hurt, didn't it? *(He laughs, diabolically)* You figured you were all set to marry Jim and cop a half interest in him and his fish store.

HATTIE. *(Crossing left to* JOHN*)* If you're trying to get my goat, you're wasting your time. Jim and I simply had a misunderstanding. *(She turns and crosses back below table toward kitchen.)*

JOHN. Oh, that's what *you* call it! I know some people who'd say he gave you the air. (HATTIE *stops and turns.)* Too bad, too. Two faces like yours and Quirk's ought to be kept in one family. I'd say you shouldn't be allowed to spread 'em around.

HATTIE. *(Between table and kitchen)* You can say anything you like. Jim Quirk doesn't mean

a thing to me and I'd tell him so if I saw him. *(She makes a move to exit into kitchen.)*

JOHN. Well, you're going to get a chance, because he'll be here in a few minutes.

HATTIE. *(Turning to him)* Who will?

JOHN. Jim Quirk.

HATTIE. What's he coming here for?

JOHN. To give me a ride in his new car. (HATTIE *crosses above table to bureau.)* He and Sam and Perce—just a stag affair—(HATTIE *takes the mirror and arranges her hair)*—so you needn't try to—— *(He turns and sees her primping. Laughs)* I thought you didn't care?

HATTIE. *(Putting down the mirror)* I said he doesn't mean a thing to me and I mean it! *(She crosses above table* R.*)* The man hasn't been born that I'd lose any sleep over!

JOHN. *(Laughing)* Sour grapes!

HATTIE. *(Stopping above table)* And—if I have to be a kitchen mechanic like Pansy, at least I'll keep my twenty-five a week to myself. *(She continues down toward kitchen.)*

JOHN. Don't ever let Jim Quirk hear you talk like that.

HATTIE. *(At kitchen door)* We won't discuss Mr. Quirk!

JOHN. All right, but just the same, if you had your wish, you'd be Mrs. Quirk today——

HATTIE. Is that so?

JOHN. And you'd have a nice job in his fish-store —cleaning the fish! *(He laughs. He thinks it a fine joke.)*

HATTIE. *(Crossing toward him, above table, ominously)* I'd be a little careful talking about other people's jobs if I were you, Mr. Horner.

JOHN. Yeah? How's that? *(He's still munching crackers.)*

HATTIE. *(Standing right of him)* After the big

bluff you've been putting up around here the last six months.

JOHN. What about?

HATTIE. About *your* job.

JOHN. *(Rising quickly and going to* L. *of her)* You mind your own business!

HATTIE. Suppose we both do that! *(She sneers)* First mate! How you ever got away with it all this while is a mystery to me!

JOHN. I'm telling you to shut up!

HATTIE. Why someone didn't find it out before—

JOHN. Nobody's going to find it out if you watch your big mouth!

HATTIE. For two pins I'd tell your pals all about it and what you've really been doing.

JOHN. By God, if you do, you'll be sorry!

HATTIE. You don't scare me. I've never spoken about it to anyone yet. I was too much ashamed to admit that my own brother——

JOHN. I'm warning you to be careful how you talk!

HATTIE. And I'm warning you, too. *(There is a rattle of dishes in the kitchen.* HATTIE *looks off)* And you might as well begin with the way you talk to Pansy. I don't suppose she'd appreciate my doing this, but just try being a little considerate. The shock will probably kill her, but try it, just the same.

PANSY. *(In kitchen)* All right. Dinner's ready.

JOHN. Will you keep quiet? *(To* HATTIE.*)*

HATTIE. *(Going upstage)* Just remember what I told you!

(PANSY *enters with the stew in serving-dish.)*

JOHN. *(Crossing quickly to her. Above table)* Let me help you, honey. *(He takes the stew from her and puts it on the table.* PANSY *is pleased, but surprised.)*

PANSY. Why—thanks, dear.

JOHN. *(Fixing chair above table for* PANSY*)* There you are, honey.

PANSY. *(Kissing him fondly)* Thanks, darling. *(She sits, back of table.)*

*(*SAM *enters, followed by* JIM *and* PERCY, *who closes door.)*

SAM. *(As he enters)* Ain't you ready yet, mate?

JOHN. Right with you soon as I get a bite. *(Sits in chair right of table.)*

PANSY. Hello, Sam. Hello, Jim.

JIM. Hello, Pansy. *(*JIM QUIRK *is the local fishman. He is quiet but light-hearted. He eyes* HATTIE, *who has gone down to* C. *To* PANSY*)* How are you? *(They all exchange greetings, except* HATTIE, *who stares front, rather awkwardly.)*

JOHN. Sit down, Sam.

PANSY. Going out, John?

JOHN. Just for a little ride with Jim, in his new car.

PANSY. Oh!

JOHN. *(To* JIM*)* Oh,—you know the little sister there, don't you? *(He motions toward* HATTIE. *Right of table.)*

JIM. *(Gravely)* I believe I've had the pleasure.

JOHN. Don't kid yourself. It's no pleasure.

JIM. *(Still grave)* Speak for yourself, John.

HATTIE. *(Without turning)* Good-evening, Mr. Quirk.

JIM. *(Standing right of* PANSY*)* I hope you don't mind my being here?

*(*SAM *is at window* C. PERCY *is at window* R. *of fireplace.)*

HATTIE. *(Crossing to table)* Why should I? It's

a free country. You can go anywhere you please.

JIM. *(Coming down right of table)* I believe you told me that before!

HATTIE. *(Sitting left of table)* Well, I don't want you to forget it!

SAM. Jim, don't try to be dignified. You look silly! (SAM *crosses to chair left of curio cabinet and sits.)*

JIM. *(With a step upstage toward* SAM*)* Now you look here, Sam Bowen——

JOHN. *(Stopping* JIM*)* Oh, come on, Jim. *(Joshing him)* Sit down and control yourself. (JIM *goes down and sits on chair below kitchen door.)* You fellows had supper? *(They all answer yes. To* PANSY*)* Where's the coffee?

PANSY. Oh, I forgot it!

JOHN. Oh, for God's sake!

PANSY. It won't take a minute to make some, John.

JOHN. Well, why didn't you make it in the first place? (HATTIE *rises.)* You know I like it with my meals.

HATTIE. *(Going to right of* PANSY*, who is rising)* I'll get the coffee. You've done enough chasing around for one day. *(She puts* PANSY *back in her chair.)*

JIM. *(Getting up from chair and going up to right of* HATTIE*)* Would you like me to help you, Miss Horner? (PERCY *comes down and sits in chair* L.C.*)*

HATTIE. *(Looking front)* It won't thrill me, but you can if you want to. *(She starts for kitchen.)*

JIM. *(Following her)* Well, you might be a little nicer about it. (HATTIE *exits into kitchen. Following her)* I didn't mean anything that night. My hand slipped. *(He exits into kitchen.* JOHN *turns and looks after them in astonishment.* PERCY *and* SAM *laugh.)*

JOHN. *(To the others)* There's a fellow just trying to break his way into trouble. He doesn't know when he's well off.

(There is a knock at the door.)

PANSY. Oh, now, John——

MARION. *(Opening the door)* Hello, Pansy. *(They all look up.* PERCY *is overcome with bashfulness, which* SAM *enjoys immensely.)* May I come in?

SAM. You are in, ain't ya?

MARION. *(Crossing* C. *as she spies* PERCY*)* Oh, Percy, you're here!

PERCY. *(Without looking at her, twiddling his hat and dreadfully embarrassed)* Yes—er—yes.

MARION. *(Center)* I told Mr. Bowen that I wanted to see you.

SAM. Yeah—she was talking about what a great life saver you are! (PERCY *glances around at him.)*

PANSY. *(To* MARION*)* Don't mind him, Marion. He's just a tease.

MARION. Oh, I can take a joke.

SAM. That's what you'll get if you take that guy. *(He points at* PERCY. PERCY *turns to him again.)*

MARION. Well, I *must* say——

SAM. *(Rises. Goes down back of* PERCY *and slaps him on the back)* Oh, I was only kidding, Miss Potter. Percy is all right. But he's awful bashful when he's out of the water. *(He chuckles and goes to chair* D.L., *sitting.)*

MARION. I wanted to see you, Percy—*(She goes to right of him)*—because I wanted to ask you to come over to Mr. Davis' office with me.

PERCY. Why?

MARION. Well, my grandfather, J. P., is over there and I'd like to have him meet you.

PERCY. *(Rising)* Oh, he wouldn't want to meet me!

MARION. Oh, yes, he would! And I want him to know you and to know all about you. He knows what you did, about saving—— (SAM *chuckles.* MARION *glances at him)* I mean, what you did for me. And besides, don't you think he was glad to know I didn't drown?

PERCY. *(Dully)* How'd he find that out?

MARION. Why—— *(She looks at him to be sure he isn't joshing her)* Why, I told him! Oh, he was terribly angry!

PERCY. *(Still more dully)* Why? Because you didn't drown?

MARION. No! Well, I *must* say—— No, I mean he was terribly angry because I didn't tell him before —about swimming out so far and everything.

(HATTIE *enters with coffee percolator in hand and goes to back of table, right of* PANSY.)

PANSY. Here's your coffee, John. *(She turns to* MARION*)* You know my sister-in-law, don't you, Marion? (JIM *comes on from kitchen.)* And Mr. Quirk? (MARION *goes to up* L. *of table.* PERCY *sits on arm of rocker with back to audience.)*

SAM. Her man Friday.

JIM. *(Giving* HATTIE *a little pat as he goes from kitchen, above table to window* C.*)* Yes, Friday, Saturday and every other day. Hey, Hattie?

HATTIE. That's the way to train 'em, Miss Potter! *(She goes up to window with* JIM.*)*

PANSY. Will you have a little coffee, Marion?

MARION. No, thanks. It keeps me awake.

JOHN. You're not going to sleep now, are you?

MARION. Well, I *must* say—indeed I'm not. *(She turns and beckons to* PERCY*)* Come along, Percy. *(She crosses back of table toward street door.)*

PERCY. *(Rising slowly and crossing toward street door, back of table)* Well, I was going over to Mon-

tauk with these fellows—— (SAM *rises quickly, sensing that* PERCY *is about to spill the beans, and starts crossing right.* PERCY *continues toward right, speaking unthinkingly)* —to look at a boat they're going to buy—— *(He senses something is wrong and turns to look at* SAM, *who is glaring at him from* C. PERCY *is between* MARION, *who is back of table, and the street door.* PANSY *is frightened by* PERCY'S *words and looks at* JOHN *questioningly.* JOHN *drops his knife and fork and realizes that the situation is not a comfortable one.* PERCY, *not knowing just what is wrong, continues)* What time you fellows going to leave?

SAM. *(Dourly)* What do you care? You ain't goin'.

MARION. *(Taking* PERCY'S *arm happily)* Then he can come along with me, can't he?

SAM. Sure. Maybe old J. P. will take him into his business.

PERCY. *(Taking step down and opening street door)* Oh, quit kidding me, Sam!

SAM. *(To* MARION*)* He owns a big life insurance company, don't he?

MARION. Yes.

SAM. Well, maybe they need a life saver in the life insurance business. (PERCY *exits.)*

MARION. *(Laughing)* Good-bye, everybody! *(There are good-byes from all as she exits, closing the door.)*

SAM. *(Crossing toward street door)* Well—if we're goin', Johnny, we'd better get under way.

JOHN. *(Rising)* Yep.

PANSY. *(Also rising)* Wait a minute. Where are you and Sam going?

JOHN. *(Uneasily)* Why—er—Jim heard about a load of bluefish they landed over at the Point and—er—we're going over after them. That's right, isn't it, Jim? *(He crosses* L.*)*

JIM. Yeah.

HATTIE. Don't you go lying for him, Jim Quirk!

JIM. I ain't lying. That's where I'm going.

PANSY. *(Crossing to* C. *To* JOHN*)* What did Perce mean by saying you were going to look at a boat you were going to buy? (JOHN *stops on platform before closet door.* HATTIE *comes down to back of table.)*

JOHN. That's right. I didn't mean to tell you—but you might as well know. *(He steps down from platform, facing* PANSY *over rocker)* That's what I'm going to do—if the price is right and I can get the boat.

PANSY. But we haven't enough money to buy a boat.

JOHN. We have this one.

PANSY. How much is it?

JOHN. Five thousand dollars.

PANSY. Why, John! Are you losing your senses? That's all our savings!

JOHN. Well, that's what we saved for, wasn't it? To invest?

PANSY. Well, I didn't. Not to invest in something that's——

JOHN. Well, I did. And I want you to write me out a check for that amount.

HATTIE. If he said that to me, I could think of a great answer. (JIM *crosses quickly to* HATTIE *and tells her to stop her interfering.)*

JOHN. You can always think of the answers when you're not included in the conversation. You owe a great deal of your popularity to that.

PANSY. What's the name of the boat?

JOHN. The *Barracuda.*

HATTIE. It isn't even a good name! (JIM *standing right of her, tries to make her be quiet.)*

PANSY. What is it, a fishing-boat?

JOHN. No, it's a freighter.

HATTIE. A what?

PANSY. *(With a quieting gesture to* HATTIE*)* I'll ask him. What's a freighter?

JOHN. *(In disgust)* Oh—you tell her, Sam. *(He opens closet to get his hat.)*

HATTIE. He's a great sailor. He doesn't even know the answer to that! (JIM *again makes an effort to quiet her and she turns to him, laughing.)*

SAM. *(*D.R. *of table)* We're going to make the run to Guadaloupe——

PANSY. Guadaloupe!

SAM. —with coal, and bring logwood back from Haiti. It's good cargoes—good business. I'm goin' along as mate and John'll be captain.

HATTIE. *(Staring at* SAM*)* Be what?

SAM. *(Defensively)* Why not? He can navigate.

HATTIE. *(To* JIM*)* That's rich!

PANSY. *(To* JOHN, *who is just stepping off platform)* Don't you think you ought to consider me?

JOHN. *(*C., L. *of* PANSY*)* How do you mean—consider you?

PANSY. Well, don't you think I ought to have something to say about—well—about the money? You know part of it belongs to me. I mean——

JOHN. *(Putting his hat on)* Well, what of it? Nobody's stealing it!

PANSY. *(Blocking his way as he tries to go)* But —John—suppose I didn't give you the money.

JOHN. *(Regarding her)* Oh, so that's what's on your mind! The money!

PANSY. Oh, no, John—— *(She goes to him and tries to put her arms around him)* But I don't want you to go away!

JOHN. *(Holding her off)* Now—please—don't start a scene in front of my friends. Cut it out. *(He gives her a little pat and starts right.)*

HATTIE. *(Glaring at* JOHN*)* And I'm advising you to do the same thing!

JOHN. *(Continuing to cross* R.*)* Nobody wants your advice. (PANSY *takes a few steps* D.L.C.*)*

HATTIE. *(Getting in his way)* Then I'm *telling* you, Mr.—First Mate!

JOHN. *(Stopping and looking at her)* What? *(He is left of her.)*

HATTIE. *(Threateningly)* Another word out of you and I'll tell them what you've really been doing.

JOHN. *(After a second's thought)* You won't have to! I'll tell them myself. *(He takes a step* D.C. *Addresses himself to* JIM *and* SAM*)* You fellows thought I was first mate on board the Albany night boat, didn't you?

SAM. Why, sure.

JIM. Well, weren't you on the night boat?

JOHN. Oh, I was on the night boat all right, but I wasn't first mate.

SAM. You wasn't?

JOHN. *(Center)* No. Do you want to know what I really was, Sam? I was just a candy butcher—peddling books and candy and popcorn and peanut-brittle. *Me*—with my knowledge of navigation! I took that job seven months ago because my wife wanted me to take something that would keep me near her. *(He looks at* PANSY*)* That's what my loving sister—— *(Turning to glare at* HATTIE*)* —has been holding over my head. *(He turns back to* PANSY*)* Now you know why I want to buy that boat. (JIM *and* SAM *go to street door and* JIM *opens it.)*

PANSY. But John——

JOHN. *(Talking her down)* All my life I've dreamed about this—about walking the deck of my own ship. And now that I've got the chance, I'm going to take it. I'm going to sail to Guadaloupe and Haiti—*(He is up* C. *and starts for door, above table)*—on salt water, by God! (JIM *and* SAM *start*

through door.) Come along, fellows. (JOHN *exits, closing door. The ferry whistle is heard.)*

PANSY. *(Groping for chair* L.C. *and sinking into it)* Oh, my God!

HATTIE. *(Crossing to her)* What's the matter?

PANSY. What am I going to do now?

HATTIE. Don't you let him have that money!

PANSY. I can't. It's gone!

HATTIE. *(Startled)* Gone? You mean, *all* of it?

PANSY. Yes, all of it. All of my savings and all of John's.

HATTIE. But—where? How?

PANSY. I spent it! I bought the ferry!

CURTAIN

ACT II

TIME: *Later that evening.*

SCENE: *Same as Act I. It is dark and stormy outside and a rumble of thunder is heard as the curtain rises.*

Table and L.C. *chair are set about foot further right for this act. White tablecloth is on table. Colored cover for table is on back of chair, back of table. Mother's picture faces front.*

PANSY *is discovered seated in chair* L.C. *as curtain rises.* HATTIE *is at window* C. *Both are worried. When curtain is well up,* JOHN *enters from bedroom and crosses toward street door without speaking or looking at either of them.* PANSY'S *eyes follow him. A few steps from the door,* JOHN *turns and speaks to* PANSY.

JOHN. Oh—if Dominick gets here before I get back, tell him to wait. I won't be long.

(PANSY *nods her head. Ferry—lighted—crosses from right to left.)*

HATTIE. *(With a sarcastic smile)* Aye-aye, Captain.

(JOHN *turns toward her with a killing look as he opens the door. Mutters to himself and exits, closing the door.)*

PANSY. *(Turning to* HATTIE*)* I wish you wouldn't say things to him, Hattie, that make him madder than he already is!

HATTIE. *(Coming down* C.*)* I can't help it. We've done it all our lives. The thing that makes him mad is that he can't think of the answers fast enough.

*(*PANSY *rises from chair during speech, and crosses toward table* R. HATTIE *goes to chair left by* PANSY.*)*

PANSY. *(Starting to take tablecloth off table)* But he says the things to me that he does think of to say to you after you've gone. (HATTIE *sits in chair* L.) Oh—I wish that Dominick never had a boat—or it would sink before John buys it—or—or something would happen to it!

HATTIE. Well, how's he going to buy it if you've spent the money?

PANSY. What is he going to say, though? That's what I'm afraid of now. What can I do?

HATTIE. Tell him the truth. He'll yell, but that's no novelty to you. Oh, boy, do I want to be here when the great mariner gets the news!

PANSY. But what am I going to say? What can I tell him?

HATTIE. Oh—tell him you're going to have a baby.

PANSY. Why—Hattie! You can't have a baby—*(She makes a futile gesture)*—just like that!

HATTIE. But you can *say* you're going to have one—just like that. You've seen it often enough in the movies. One flicker and there it is.

PANSY. *(Going up to put tablecloth in bureau drawer)* But he'd find out I was lying eventually.

HATTIE. By the time he found it out, maybe he'd have his mind off the boat and you could ease it to him about the ferry.

PANSY. *(Coming back to table, taking table-cover from back of chair that is up of table and putting it on table)* No—I couldn't do that. I wouldn't do that.

HATTIE. You know, the trouble with you is you wait on him hand and foot. You deny yourself so many things, he's grown to think you shouldn't have them.

PANSY. Why—I have everything I want, and as for waiting on him—— Oh—you're mistaken.

HATTIE. Then why do you do all the housework after working all day in Davis' law office?

PANSY. *(Taking few steps toward* HATTIE*)* Why—I——

HATTIE. People are beginning to think that kitchen apron is painted on you. And I'll bet you haven't been to a manicurist or a hairdresser in months. Have you?

PANSY. *(Putting her hands to her hair)* Why—what's the matter? Doesn't my hair look all right?

(THUNDER.)

HATTIE. It isn't a question of whether it looks all right. (PANSY *goes up to bureau and picks up hand-mirror.)* It's the luxury of having it done.

PANSY. Well, John and I agree that neither should spend money on things the other doesn't have—and John doesn't go to beauty doctors.

HATTIE. A trip or two wouldn't do him any harm.

PANSY. *(Looking into mirror)* Yes, I suppose a woman should spend a little money to fix herself up. Goodness knows I need fixing, Hattie. I don't look like Venus.

HATTIE. You will if you don't get some clothes pretty soon. (PANSY *gives* HATTIE *a despairing look. There is a knock at the door.)*

PANSY. *(Putting mirror on bureau)* It's that man Dominick—*(She crosses center)*—to see John about the boat.

HATTIE. *(Rising from chair and going to* PANSY*)* Now see here! It won't do any good to go to pieces. Let's tell him the truth about it all. If he's a regular fellow, he'll go away and not see John again. Now

brace up. *(There is another knock at the door.* HATTIE *goes to door, opens it, and discloses* MR. DAVIS. *He is a typical properous lawyer in a small town—a bit pompous, but good-natured.)* Why, Mr. Davis!

DAVIS. *(Entering)* Good evening, Miss Hattie.

PANSY. *(Hurriedly taking off her apron)* Oh—come in—Mr. Davis.

DAVIS. *(Crossing toward* C.*)* Now—now—don't fuss, please. I'm just on my way over to the island—by way of your ferry, and—er—— *(He fumbles, looking at* HATTIE, *who has stepped up toward windows.)*

PANSY. It's all right. Hattie knows about it.

DAVIS. *(Crossing to* PANSY, *who is* L.C.*)* Well, then, here you are—all fixed up. *(Takes papers out of his pocket and hands them to her)* Made out in the name of John Horner—all in proper shape and form. *(He offers his hand)* And you have my congratulations and best wishes.

PANSY. Thank you, Mr. Davis. Won't you sit down?

DAVIS. No, thanks. *(The ferry whistle blows)* I must be getting along if I don't want to miss the boat.

HATTIE. *(At window* C.*)* You know, you can see the boat when she's coming in, from here. *(Points off—toward dock.)*

DAVIS. *(Going up to window)* Oh, yes?

PANSY. *(Standing just right of chair* L.C.*)* Oh—Mr. Davis.

DAVIS. *(Turning to her)* Yes?

PANSY. I suppose—it's too late to call off the deal—about the ferry, isn't it?

DAVIS. *(Coming down to her very slowly)* Call it off? Why—yes—I'm afraid it is.

PANSY. Yes, I thought it would be.

DAVIS. *(At right of* PANSY*)* Why—I gave your

check to Potter yesterday. It's already gone through. Surely you wouldn't want to call it off?

PANSY. Well—no—*I* don't! But you see—John—I didn't tell him!

DAVIS. *(Thinking he finally has the solution to* PANSY'S *rather odd actions)* Oh—*I* see. You wanted to surprise him.

PANSY. Y-yes. *(She sighs)* But he's got some other ideas. Something about a boat doing freight work to the West Indies.

DAVIS. *(Taking a step away from her* R.*)* Oh, that's silly. None of those freighters are making any money these days. *(Turns toward her)* Tell him to forget it. *(Then starts for door)* And when he finds out that we were smart enough to get that ferry and dock for practically nothing——

PANSY. *(Crossing to him quickly)* Well—you see—that's just it. *(They stand right of table.)* John was afraid that the pier is in bad condition—and it might cost a lot of money to put it in shape.

DAVIS. Oh, I don't think that's so. *(He crosses to street door)* I'll go down there and have a look at that pier before the boat gets in.

(THUNDER.)

PANSY. *(Standing left of* DAVIS*)* Then you do think I'm doing the right thing, Mr. Davis?

DAVIS. Why—I'm sure of it! Now don't worry any more, Pansy. Your husband doesn't know how fortunate he is to have a good business on practically his own doorstep and a beautiful wife to encourage him. *(He puts his hands on her shoulders comfortingly as he says this. He looks toward* HATTIE*)* Good-night, Miss Hattie. Good-night, Pansy. *(He exits.)*

HATTIE. *(Calls out)* Good-night, Mr. Davis.

PANSY. Good-night, Mr. Davis—and thank you. *(She closes door.)*

DAVIS. Not at all. *(His words come faintly as door closes.)*

HATTIE. *(Speaks as soon as* DAVIS *exits, merging her speech with his last words)* Now will you please tell me why a spearhead like that brother of mine won't listen to a man like Davis, who knows a little something?

PANSY. *(Crossing toward bureau)* John is smart. Not along the same lines, possibly. I'm not saying John knows as much about law as Mr. Davis—he hasn't studied it. But can Mr. Davis sail a boat?

HATTIE. *(Coming down* C.*)* You don't mean to tell me you give him an even break in intelligence with Davis!

PANSY. *(Putting contract away in bureau drawer)* Oh, it isn't that I don't believe in John's plan about the boat. It's just because—I don't want him to go away.

HATTIE. *(Going toward chair* L.C.*)* God, how you love that man!

(There is a knock at the door.)

PANSY. *(Coming down a few steps, frightened) That's* Dominick now!

HATTIE. *(Starting for door) I'll* talk to him. I'll chase him in just two minutes.

PANSY. *(Stopping her—about* C.*)* Wait. Please, Hattie! (HATTIE *goes up* L.C. PANSY *goes to within few steps of door. Calls)* Come in.

DOMINICK. *(Enters. He is a rather crafty-looking Italian and speaks with a slight accent. On finding himself alone with the two women he is overcome with embarrassment. He fumbles his hat nervously, after closing the door a bit timidly and taking a step toward* PANSY*)* Gude-evening.

PANSY. How do you do? It's Mr. Dominick, isn't it?

DOMINICK. Yes.

PANSY. Well, Mr. Horner isn't here just now, but he wants you to wait. He'll be right back. Let me take your hat. Come in!

DOMINICK. *(Smiles, a bit anxious to make a good impression. Nervously gives her his hat)* Oh—t'ank you.

(THUNDER.)

(PANSY *crosses behind him downstage right of table, absently tossing his hat onto it as she passes.* DOMINICK *moves toward* C. *Finds* HATTIE *staring at him with a slight smile. He looks at her, smiles a little, tries to fix his tie, coughs. Doesn't know what to do with his hands. Is terribly ill at ease.)*

PANSY. *(Noticing his discomfort)* Oh—Miss Horner—John's sister.

DOMINICK. Oh. *(Bowing to* HATTIE*)* I'm verra pleased to meet you.

HATTIE. *(Banteringly)* Can I depend on that?

(DOMINICK *looks at* PANSY *in amazement, as though expecting her to explain.)*

PANSY. *(Merely motions him toward chair* L.C.*)* Won't you sit down, Mr. Dominick?

DOMINICK. *(With slight bow to* PANSY*)* Thank you. *(Takes few steps toward chair. Looks at* HATTIE*)* May I?

HATTIE. Sure—if you can fit it *in* there.

(DOMINICK *gives another amazed look from* HATTIE *to* PANSY *and back again to* HATTIE. *Then goes down and sits—rather gingerly—in chair.* PANSY *paces up and down between windows and kitchen door, trying to think of something to divert the catastrophe she fears when* JOHN *re-*

turns. HATTIE *comes down left of chair* DOMINICK *has taken.)*

DOMINICK. *(Looking up at* HATTIE*)* Nice—er—weather, isn't it?

HATTIE. *(Blandly)* I don't know. I'm a stranger here.

DOMINICK. *(Stares at her, but thinks he understands)* Oh—you no live here—yes?

HATTIE. Yes.

(DOMINICK *looks away and shrugs his shoulders. He gives up trying to understand these queer answers.* PANSY *motions to* HATTIE *to be quiet.)*

DOMINICK. *(Making another desperate effort to start conversation)* This is a nice house. I like this house.

PANSY. *(Still pacing about)* Yes—it's a nice house. *(She is rather abstracted about it.)*

DOMINICK. Plenty room—for your children.

PANSY. *(Crossing toward* C., *below table)* We haven't any children. *(She goes on up toward window* C.*)*

DOMINICK. No? Atsa too bad. I got fourteen.

HATTIE. Gosh, the stork visits you often, doesn't he?

DOMINICK. Visit me? The damn thing, he live with me!

PANSY. *(Is suddenly seized with an idea. She comes down to* DOMINICK *quickly from the window)* Mr. Dominick—you came to see John about your boat, didn't you?

DOMINICK. Yes. He missed me at de Point this afternoon. He telephone me to come here tonight. He tell you about it?

PANSY. Oh, yes, I know; and I'm awfully glad

to have this chance to talk to you before he gets here.

DOMINICK. *(Looks from one to the other. Here is more mystery to him. Then to* PANSY*)* Why—what'sa de matter?

(THUNDER.)

PANSY. I'm in trouble, Mr. Dominick. *Terrible* trouble!

DOMINICK. *(Still perplexed as to why she should pick on him)* What kind of trouble?

PANSY. *(Taking a step toward him)* Well—first—I want you to promise me you won't say anything to my husband—or anybody—about what I'm going to tell you.

DOMINICK. Sure—sure. I no tell.

HATTIE. *(Breaking in)* You see, it's this way, Mr. Dominick. We might as well tell you the whole truth. My brother John——

PANSY. *(Runs across, back of* DOMINICK, *to* HATTIE *and stops her)* Wait, Hattie, please. (DOMINICK *makes another despairing gesture. This is getting to be too much for him.)* Let me tell him. I think I can explain it better myself.

HATTIE. *(It is her turn to be mystified. She gives* PANSY *a surprised look)* All right, then. Go ahead and tell him. *(She turns away and walks up to curio cabinet. Turns and stares at* DOMINICK *and* PANSY, *wondering what* PANSY *can have in mind.)*

PANSY. *(Quickly gets chair from down* L. *and brings it over to* L. *of* DOMINICK'S *chair. Sits in it and draws it close to him)* Mr. Dominick—I've lost a lot of money!

DOMINICK. *(Amazed)* Where you lose?

PANSY. In the stock market. *(This is too much for* HATTIE. *She sinks into the chair at left of cabinet.)* You see, my sister-in-law got me to buy some stock and it went down and—— (HATTIE *jumps*

up at this and crosses back of DOMINICK *and* PANSY *to right of* DOMINICK.) I lost my money.

(Ferry, lighted, starts cross from L. *to* R.*)*

HATTIE. Say—what the heck! (DOMINICK *turns to look at* HATTIE *and* PANSY *waves her hand quietingly to* HATTIE.*)*

PANSY. Of course, she didn't know it was going to turn out that way. She lost her money, too. But, you see, it puts me in a terrible position because—well—because my husband doesn't know anything about it. Losing the money, I mean.

(THUNDER.)

DOMINICK. *(Beginning to see the light)* I see. How much you lose?

PANSY. *(Blurting out the first sum that comes to her mind)* Five hundred dollars. (HATTIE *begins to get the drift of things and saunters slowly toward bureau, where she turns and regards them curiously.)*

DOMINICK. *(Sympathetically)* Atsa too much.

PANSY. Yes, it is. But you see, I thought I was going to make a lot. Oh, my husband will be terribly angry unless—well—unless I can get it back without him knowing it.

DOMINICK. Well—how you do that?

PANSY. Of course, I'd never dream of doing a thing like this if I weren't desperate. But I feel I can trust you. I *can* trust you, can't I, Mr. Dominick? *(She puts her hand on his arm pleadingly.)*

DOMINICK. Sure—sure.

PANSY. And you will help me, won't you?

DOMINICK. *(Turning away abruptly, in fear of a "touch")* I got no money!

PANSY. Oh—I don't want any money from you. That is, I just want you to help me make some.

DOMINICK. *(Again facing her, his fears allayed)* Well—how?

PANSY. Oh, I suppose you'll think me terrible, Mr. Dominick, because what I'm going to ask you to do will seem like cheating my husband. (DOMINICK *looks away again, a bit embarrassed by the wrong meaning he gets of this.)* But anyway, they feel they're cheating you!

DOMINICK. They cheat me?

PANSY. Yes, about your boat. The price, I mean. They think it's very cheap.

DOMINICK. *(Settling back)* Yes—it's a big bargain.

PANSY. That's what they were saying. They were laughing at you.

DOMINICK. They laugh? *(This doesn't please him)* At me?

PANSY. Yes. Now don't you let on I told you all this, will you?

DOMINICK. No—no. Atsa all right. What else they say? *(He bends a willing ear to hear her next words.)*

PANSY. Well, Sam said the boat was worth easily eight thousand dollars.

DOMINICK. *(Craftily)* He say that?

PANSY. Yes, right here in this room—didn't he, Hattie?

HATTIE. *(Joining easily in the lie)* Sure. (DOMINICK *turns to look at her.)* How much were you going to sell it to them for?

DOMINICK. Well, they say they can't pay more than five thousand. *(He turns again to* PANSY.)

PANSY. Why—they'll pay *any* price rather than lose it. John said he'd go as high as seventy-five hundred if he *had* to.

DOMINICK. Seventy-five hundred! *(He rubs his chin reflectively. This pleases him, but makes him wonder at it a bit)* You sure?

PANSY. Positive! Of course, they wouldn't want to pay that if they could help it. Now, Mr. Dominick, if I can get you seventy-five hundred, won't you be willing to give me five hundred as a sort of —of commission—to help me out of my trouble? (HATTIE *crosses over to window near door and looks out.)*

DOMINICK. *(Generously)* Sure—sure. If you get me seventy-five hundred—I give you five hundred.

PANSY. That's a promise?

(THUNDER.)

DOMINICK. Sure—sure. I keep my word. Say, you're a smart lady. *(He becomes very magnanimous)* I do this just for you.

PANSY. All right. Now you hold out for seventy-five hundred, and if John doesn't go chasing you within twenty-four hours and come across with seventy-five hundred—*I'm a Chinaman.*

DOMINICK. All right. I leave it to you. You fix.

PANSY. I'll fix it. All you have to do is say you've changed your mind about the price——

HATTIE. *(Seeing* JOHN *and* SAM *coming up the walk outside)* Hey—nix—nix!

(PANSY *rises quickly, replacing chair down left.* HATTIE *goes to window* C. *and* PANSY *goes up to join her there.* DOMINICK *rises and makes move toward* C. SAM *enters first.)*

SAM. Hello, Dominick.

DOMINICK. *(Crossing toward* SAM *and holding out his hand)* Hello, Sam. *(They shake hands as* JOHN *enters and closes door after him.)* Hello, Johnny!

JOHN. Hello, there, Nick. (JOHN *and* DOMINICK *shake hands.* SAM *crosses below chair* DOMINICK *has been sitting in and sits in chair down* L.*)* Sorry to have kept you waiting.

DOMINICK. *(Genially)* Oh, atsa all right. Your wife and me's been talking.

JOHN. *(Going up to get chair from upper* L.*)* With my sister in the room? I don't see how you got a chance. *(Brings chair down to left of rocking chair)* Well, let's get down to business.

DOMINICK. *(Sitting in rocking-chair and evading the issue for the moment)* This is a nice house. You own this place?

JOHN. *(Sitting in little chair he has brought down)* Yes. It was left to me by my father. He was a sailor, too. No river man, you understand. A real deep-sea sailor.

DOMINICK. *(Looking around)* How you like to sell this house?

JOHN. Well—no—I don't think so.

PANSY. *(Coming down from window, a bit worried)* Oh—no—Mr. Dominick—John and I wouldn't want to do a thing like that, would we, John?

JOHN. Well—not tonight.

PANSY. *(Taking a diffident little step toward them)* You came over on the ferry, didn't you, Mr. Dominick?

DOMINICK. *(Looking at her smilingly)* Yes.

PANSY. *(Hopefully)* Don't you think that ferry is a nice little boat?

DOMINICK. *(Agreeing with her but wondering if this is part of her plan)* Oh—yes—nice.

PANSY. John and I were thinking of buying it.

JOHN. *(Interrupting her, as he feels his own plans being disrupted)* Pansy—hey——

DOMINICK. *(Again surprised by this rather unexpected turn of events)* Why—I thought he want to buy *my* boat! (PANSY *takes a few steps back toward windows.)*

HATTIE. *(Coming down to left of table)* Oh, he does, Mr. Dominick. He's terribly anxious to buy it.

PANSY. *(Taking a few more feeble steps toward*

c. *She would like to get in a few more words about the ferry before the men become involved in this deal)* Sam—— *(Very hopefully)* —wouldn't you like to run a nice little ferry boat like that?

SAM. Well, no. (PANSY'S *hopefulness is completely dashed.)* But then, that's what you might call a matter of temperament. A boat ain't a boat with me till she runs over a thousand ton. Putting me on a skiff like that would be like putting Admiral Dewey on a bicycle.

HATTIE. *(At upper* L. *of table)* I bet you just hate to sell your ship, don't you, Mr. Dominick?

JOHN. Hey, you! Outside! We're talking business!

HATTIE. That's all right. You don't bother me.

JOHN. Well, you bother me!

HATTIE. Well, I'll go if Mr. Dominick wants me to. *(She takes a step backward)* Do you?

DOMINICK. *(Rising)* No, I like you to stay, please. *(Turns to* JOHN*)* Say, you leave her stay. *(Sits in chair again)* You gotta nice sister.

JOHN. *(Grumblingly)* Well, all right. But will you please keep quiet?

(HATTIE *turns away with a giggle.* PANSY *comes down to her with a warning to stop her interruptions. They stand together back of table.* HATTIE *pushes in chair at back of table. They watch the men anxiously.)*

SAM. *(To* DOMINICK*)* Johnny's been telling me, Dominick, about them orders you got for coal consignments to the West Indies.

JOHN. Yes, Sam's taking a ten-percent share and is going to ship with me.

SAM. You got them orders all signed, ain't you?

DOMINICK. Sure—sure. Atsa all right.

SAM. Who do you do your business with?

DOMINICK. Bellew Brothers.

SAM. Did you bring the contracts with you?

DOMINICK. Well—no. *(He smiles)* Don't you take my word?

SAM. I'd just as leave *see* 'em!

DOMINICK. *(Rising angrily)* Say—you think I'm a liar? (SAM *also rises.)*

JOHN. *(Rising and trying to placate* DOMINICK*)* No, no, Nick! It's all right. *(Then to* SAM, *with a bit of annoyance at his having caused this rift)* What's the matter with you, Sam? You don't have to come in on this deal with your few hundred dollars if you don't like it. *(Patting* DOMINICK'S *back)* I'm ready to take Dominick's word.

(THUNDER.)

SAM. Now don't get hot, matey. (DOMINICK *sits.* SAM *also sits.)*

JOHN. *(Sitting)* Well, all right. Now let's get down to business. *(To* DOMINICK*)* What's the best you're going to do?

DOMINICK. Well, I tell you. *(He gives a quick glance toward the girls)* I'm a gude fellow. I sell you the *Barracuda* for seventy-five hundred dollars. *(He says it as though he were doing them a great favor.* JOHN *and* SAM *are astounded. They both lean toward* DOMINICK *in amazement.)*

JOHN. Seventy-fi—— Why, you're crazy! Why, you practically offered it to us for five thousand and we were hoping you'd make it a little less.

SAM. Hey—steady there!

DOMINICK. But I forget. I make a mistake.

JOHN. Well, you're making a hell of a mistake if you think you're going to hi-jack me! Come on, now, Nick, you can't kid me. I'm a business man. I know five will get it. (PANSY *senses that she is going to be drawn into the scene in a moment, so she motions to* HATTIE *that they had better leave the room. They start for kitchen.)* What do you say if I shove a

check for five thousand right under your nose and we close the deal right now? *(He looks up to see* PANSY *just about going through kitchen door)* Pansy! *(She turns and looks at him.)* Where's that check I told you to make out?

PANSY. *(Coming back few steps* L.*)* Why—I—I didn't make it out.

JOHN. *(Rising and crossing to* C.*)* What? Now, listen, how many times do I have to tell you——

PANSY. *(Coming to* JOHN. *They are behind the table)* Why—John—you know perfectly well why I didn't make it out—— *(She isn't sure she knows herself, but this is the first thing she thinks of to say)* You know how much we have in the bank.

HATTIE. *(Coming out of kitchen and going below table)* Maybe you could borrow the difference from Mr. Davis.

JOHN. Mr. Davis nothing! *(He turns back to* DOMINICK. HATTIE *goes to back of table to join* PANSY*)* Hey—Nick! Five thousand!

DOMINICK. *(Rising)* No—seventy-five hundred. Why, she's a beautiful boat. You make plenty money.

SAM. *(Rising and crossing to* DOMINICK*)* I know the boat's all right. I seen her. But there's an element of gamble in freight work nowadays. The business ain't what it used to be. *(He turns away and wanders down* L. *again.)*

DOMINICK. *(Waves all this off)* Oh, plenty business! Beeg business.

JOHN. *(Holding up his hand in front of* DOMINICK'S *face)* Nick! Five thousand!

DOMINICK. Atsa no gude! I lose money! *(He walks upstage and stops left of* HATTIE, *who has crossed below table to left of table.)*

HATTIE. *(To* JOHN*)* You wouldn't want the gentleman to lose money, would you?

JOHN. *(Down* C.*)* I want you to keep quiet! *(He walks upstage angrily.)*

HATTIE. Well, I was only saying——

JOHN. Well—don't!

DOMINICK. It's seventy-five hundred or nothing!

JOHN. *(Coming down* C. *again, passing* DOMINICK*)* Oh, what's the use of your being so pig-headed! *(He goes down to join* SAM *at down* L.*)*

DOMINICK. *(To* HATTIE*)* What's that he say?

HATTIE. *(Delighted at this opportunity for trouble-making)* He said you had a head like a pig.

DOMINICK. *(Giving* JOHN *a hard look and then crossing toward him threateningly)* Hey! You look out! Atsa no gude!

JOHN. *(Looking at* DOMINICK *in amazement)* What's the matter?

DOMINICK. *(Pointing to his own head)* Atsa no pig's head. You insult me!

JOHN. *(Feeling very bad about the way everything is going)* No—no, Nick. I only meant that you —you're obstinate.

DOMINICK. *(Not understanding)* Ah—and you pay seventy-five hundred?

JOHN. No, sir! It's five thousand or nothing. (HATTIE *goes up toward window.* PANSY *takes few steps down right of table.)*

DOMINICK. *(Turning and crossing quickly toward table)* All right. Itsa nothing!

JOHN. Now—wait a minute—Dominick——

DOMINICK. *(Picking up his hat from the table and continuing toward door a few steps—then turning)* Let me tell you something. I'm gonna geev you twenty-four hours, and if you don't come chasing me and come across with seventy-five hundred dollars inside of twenty-four hours, I'm a Chinaman!

(Ferry, lighted, starts cross from R. *to* L.*)*

(He gives a triumphant look at PANSY, *and turns for door)* Good-bye! *(He slams on his hat and exits.)*

JOHN. *(After a slight, dull pause)* Can you beat that for a thick-headed wop?

SAM. *(Crossing toward window* C.*)* Well, looks as if we ain't goin' to sail.

HATTIE. *(Coming down to back of table)* Gee, I thought you had him going for a while.

(THUNDER.)

JOHN. *(Putting chair he has used back in its place left of cabinet)* I might have, if you'd kept that big mouth of yours shut!

HATTIE. That's right! Blame me!

JOHN. *(Turning toward her)* You're darned right I'll blame you! How do you know how much I want that boat?

HATTIE. How do I know? Why, you've been screaming your head off about nothing else ever since——

(JIM QUIRK *enters.)*

JOHN. *(To* PANSY*)* And a lot of help you were, too. Putting in your two cents' worth about the ferry——

SAM. *(Starting for door)* Well, I guess I'll shove off. Good-night, mates.

JIM. *(To* SAM*)* Another battle?

SAM. *(Passing above* JIM *and exiting)* No, same old one. Just picked it up where they left it. (JIM *closes door after* SAM'S *exit.)*

HATTIE. *(To* JOHN*)* All you need is a moustache and a whip and you'd make a perfect Simon Legree!

JOHN. *(Clenching his fist and almost threatening her)* Listen—if I weren't a perfect gentleman——

JIM. *(Taking few steps toward* C.*)* Hey—hey! What's the idea?

JOHN. *(Coming down center)* Oh, go back to your store and sell your fish! *(To* PANSY*)* I'm going to buy that ship if it's the last thing I ever do! *(He crosses down* L.*)*

PANSY. *(Down right)* You can't pay him more than we've got!

JOHN. *(Pacing about—crossing right and going up toward window* C.*)* I'm going to have that boat —or some boat—if I have to sell this house to get it!

PANSY. *(Bursting into tears at this, after all the suspense she has been through)* Oh—John—you wouldn't do that—sell our home! *(She turns* R., *weeping into her handkerchief.)*

JOHN. There's no need of your crying about it. It isn't going to change my ideas at all.

HATTIE. Oh, I think you're a brute to speak to her like that.

JOHN. *(Still pacing back and forth between windows and down left)* I'm not making her cry! (PANSY *sits in chair right of table and continues crying.)* Do you think I want to go along like this all my life? Don't you think I've got any ambition? Don't you think I want to get out and see something of other people and other places? All my life everybody in this house has just been thinking about themselves! From now on, *I'm* going to think about myself—and I don't give a damn who likes it!

HATTIE. That's a fine way to talk to your wife in the condition she's in!

(JOHN *is coming down center. He continues his pacing for a moment before the line sinks into his consciousness. Then he stops short.* PANSY *looks up, horror-stricken at what* HATTIE *has intimated.)*

JOHN. *(To* HATTIE, *who is a bit afraid that she might have gone too far this time)* What do you

mean—the "condition she's in"? *(There is no response.* HATTIE *is afraid to open her mouth.* PANSY *just looks at* JOHN *nd then at* HATTIE *dumbly and* JIM *can't quite make out what it's all about.* JOHN *crosses behind* HATTIE *toward* PANSY. JIM *makes cross toward* L. *at window* C. JOHN *crouches down beside* PANSY *at the right of her chair)* Say—what does she mean by that? (PANSY *drops her head and sniffs miserably into her handkerchief.* JOHN *is sure now. A wide smile of joy, tinged with a bit of embarrassment, spreads over his face. He puts his arms around* PANSY *tenderly)* No wonder you've been acting crazy around here! (JIM *has finally gotten the drift of it all, too. He also is pleased and a bit embarrassed. He comes back a few steps toward* R. JOHN *looks around and sees him—walks over to him with his hand outstretched. They shake hands proudly. Then* JOHN *looks over at* HATTIE, *who has turned to regard* PANSY *and is still standing back of table. He crosses to* HATTIE, *genially)* Aunt Hattie! *(He puts his arm around her. She is a bit worried by this turn of events, but she smiles at him undecidedly.)* There's a bottle out there in the kitchen. Get it. (JIM *starts to go too.)* And some glasses too, Jim. (HATTIE *and* JIM *exit into the kitchen.* JOHN *returns to* PANSY *and puts his arms around her again, standing behind her chair and putting his face beside hers)* This is the best excuse I've had for a drink since your mother left us. Why didn't you tell me? You might know I wouldn't go away and leave you if you'd told me! (JIM *and* HATTIE *return with the bottle and the glasses and a pitcher of water.* JIM *has the bottle and glasses and* HATTIE *the water. They go to back of table.)* Go on. Pour out four of them, Jim. (JIM *starts pouring drinks.)* You know who's going to be disappointed? Sam! Now we won't be able to sail until our cabin-boy grows up and can sail with us! (JOHN *takes one of the glasses*

and gives it to PANSY) Here, you take that, Momma. That won't hurt you.—Good for what ails you. *(Rain starts and continues throughout act.* JOHN *takes one of the glasses himself and lifts it for a toast.* JIM *and* HATTIE *do likewise.* PANSY, *sheep-like, follows suit.)* Come on—Jim—Aunt Hattie—Momma. Here's to my new cabin-boy, who's going to sail with his old man Captain Horner to Guadaloupe and Haiti and all points North and South——

(There is a tremendous crash outside. They all pause, startled.)

PANSY. What's that?
JOHN. Thunder?

*(They all rush up to the windows—*HATTIE *to large window at right and* JIM, PANSY *and* JOHN *to window at* C. PANSY *is at the center of window,* JOHN *left and* JIM *right.)*

HATTIE. Probably trouble over at the power plant.
JIM. More likely old Crowley tickling the pier a little harder than usual with the ferry boat. On stormy nights he never pulls his punches. *(He notices that* HATTIE *is alone at window right and goes over to join her.)*
JOHN. *(Peering through window)* It's pretty dark down there, but I can see that something's happened to the ferry. Put out those lights so I can see, will you, Momma? (PANSY *runs and switches off lights left of kitchen door. X-rays, foots, brackets and all lights off on set.)* Yes—it's the pier!

(There is a loud explosion from off left.)

JIM. *(At window)* There goes the boiler! You can see it now, plain enough! *(THUNDER.)*

JOHN. And that's what you wanted me to put my money into! That's what you and Davis thought was a good investment! I've got the laugh on you this time, Momma. Who's crazy now?

JIM. Yes, and he's likely to have a lot of lawsuits on his hands. Might even go to jail.

PANSY. Why—what for?

JIM. Criminal negligence. Everybody knew that pier was rotten.

JOHN. Serve him damn well right. If he'd spent a little money to put it in repair, this wouldn't have happened.

PANSY. Oh—my God—John—this is no time to talk. Those poor people! I'm going down there! *(Starts for door.)*

(FIRE Flare-up and Smoke.)

(Dimmer flare-up and down, count of ten, every two minutes to end of act.)

JOHN. No, you're not! Not in your condition! *(He brings her back in room)* You look out for her, Hattie. *(Starts for door)* Come on, Jim! (JIM *and* JOHN *exit.)*

HATTIE. *(Taking few running steps toward door)* You be careful, Jim Quirk! I don't want anything to happen to you! *(She rushes back to window* C.*)*

PANSY. Oh—Hattie—isn't it terrible! Look!

HATTIE. The ferry!

SAM. *(Bursting into the room. Rushing center)* Can I use your telephone, Pansy? There's been an accident. I want to get the ambulance.

PANSY. *(Coming down* C.*)* I'll do it. Do you know the number? *(Crosses toward telephone.)*

HATTIE. *(Coming down* C., L. *of* SAM*)* Just ask for Emergency Hospital. How did it happen?

PANSY. *(Into 'phone)* Hello, Operator. Emer-

gency Hospital, please. Quick—there's been accident.

(THUNDER.)

SAM. I was down there on the pier with a crowd waiting for the boat to come in. The tide switched her around and she hit the old pier broadside. Down it went. Cracked up like an eggshell. Quickest thing I ever saw!

PANSY. Were there many hurt?

SAM. *(Going up to* C. *window)* Can't tell yet. They're still fishin' 'em out.

PANSY. Come on, Operator! Emergency Hospital, please! Quick!

SAM. *(Crossing to door)* Guess I getter get back there. They need all the help they can get. Tell 'em to hurry that ambulance. *(He exits.)*

PANSY. Hello! Emergency Hospital? Hattie, put on the lights. (HATTIE *runs and switches on lights at left of kitchen door. Lights on.)* Will you please send an ambulance to Potter's Pier at once? There's been an accident. Yes, Potter's Pier. Foot of Beach Street. Hurry, please! *(She puts 'phone away. As she does so,* JOHN *throws open the door and enters with* DOMINICK, *who is soaking wet, and has been put into a raincoat several sizes too big for him.)*

JOHN. Here's Dominick. Met him on the way up. *(He starts crossing with* DOMINICK, *going below table.)*

PANSY. Oh—are you hurt, Mr. Dominick?

HATTIE. *(Runs up to bureau and looks for some dry underwear)* Poor Mr. Dominick!

DOMINICK. I dunno. The damn pier, she is bust. I get chucked in the water.

PANSY. *(Seeing that* HATTIE *is at bureau)* That's right, Hattie. Get him some dry underwear.

DOMINICK. *(As he and* JOHN *mount the steps toward bedroom)* Gee-ze, it's cold!

PANSY. He's got a chill! Take him in the bed-

room, John. I'll get him a suit of clothes. *(She goes into the closet.)*

(HATTIE *gives* JOHN *the underwear for* DOMINICK *and rushes to table where the drinks from the "toast" scene still remain untouched.)*

JOHN. Get him a drink. That's what he needs.

HATTIE. I'm doing that.

PANSY. *(Coming out of closet with one of* JOHN'S *suits)* Here, here's a suit for Mr. Dominick!

JOHN. Hey! That's my good suit! What's the idea? I'll take care of him. Put that away. (PANSY *goes into closet with suit.)* Where's that drink? (HATTIE *hands it to him.)*

HATTIE. Here's Mr. Dominick's drink. (JOHN *drains the glass as he exits.)* Hey—easy, there!

(There is a knocking at the door.)

PANSY. *(Coming out of closet)* What's that?

JIM. *(Outside door)* Hattie—Hattie! Open the door! (HATTIE *runs and opens door.* JIM *enters, carrying a boy)* I just pulled Nancy Holt's boy out of the water. You'd better call Dr. Price. *(He crosses with the boy during speech toward bedroom.)*

PANSY. Take him into the bedroom, Jim. Hattie, you'll find some more underwear and a spare blanket in the bureau. Take them in to Jim. (JIM *goes up steps and exits with boy.)* Take the poor boy's things off, Jim. Rub him dry and put the woolen blankets around him. (HATTIE *is busy looking for underwear and blankets at bureau.)*

JIM. *(Off in bedroom)* All right, Pansy.

(PANSY *goes to 'phone-number index hanging on wall next to 'phone and looks through it, murmuring—"Dr. Price—P——")*

JOHN. *(Entering from bedroom, rubbing his hands)* That guy Dominick's shaking like a shimmy dancer. *(He crosses toward table)* He's got a chill. I'm catching it, too. Where's that bottle? *(He gets bottle and starts quickly back for bedroom.)*

HATTIE. *(At bureau)* You don't need any more!

JOHN. *(Going up the steps)* Who told you all that? This is the most terrible night I ever put in in my life. *(Exits—closing door.)*

PANSY. *(At 'phone)* Bridge 2772.

(HATTIE *runs up steps with blanket and underwear in arms. Opens door.)*

HATTIE. Oh! Mr. Dominick! *(She throws the blanket and underwear through open door)* I beg your pardon! *(She hurries down steps and goes over to window, watching fire.)*

DOMINICK. *(Inside)* That's all right. I don't mind.

PANSY. *(At the telephone)* Dr. Price? Please come over right away. There's been an accident. Nancy Holt's boy. No. John Horner's house on Beach Street. Please hurry!

JIM. *(Coming to bedroom door)* Pansy, get this wop Dominick and John and that damned bottle out of here! *(Exits quickly into bedroom.)*

PANSY. *(Crossing to right of steps and calling into bedroom)* John dear, bring Mr. Dominick out to the kitchen. There's a fire in the range and he'll be better off there.

JIM. *(Making another hurried appearance at the bedroom door)* And Hattie, come in and give me a hand with this kid, will you? *(Exits.)*

HATTIE. That wop got his pants on?

(JOHN *and* DOMINICK *enter from the bedroom.* DOMINICK *has put on a dry suit of heavy, long*

underwear, a pair of red socks and has a loud red, green and brown blanket wrapped around him. He and JOHN *come down the steps and cross to the kitchen.* HATTIE *regards them, from the window, with amazement.)*

DOMINICK. *(As they are crossing)* You gonna give me pair of pants, too? I got no insurance.

JOHN. Sure, that's the kind of a guy I am. Now aren't you sorry you boosted that price to seventy-five hundred? *(They both exit into kitchen.)*

HATTIE. *(To* JOHN*)* What a great help you turned out to be!

(THUNDER.)

(The door is thrown open and DAVIS *and* PERCY *enter.)*

PERCY. *(As they enter)* You'll be all right now, Mr. Davis.

(DAVIS *goes* L. *of* T. PERCY *goes with him.)*

HATTIE. *(Running down to them)* Oh, poor Mr. Davis! Are you hurt?

DAVIS. I don't think so. My arm's bruised a little. (HATTIE *feels his arm solicitously.)*

PERCY. Can you give him some dry clothes?

HATTIE. Sure. *(She runs to bureau and gets one suit of underwear and two towels.)*

DAVIS. *(As* PERCY *starts for kitchen)* What are you going to do?

PERCY. Oh, I'll be all right. I'm used to this. I'll just take off my things in the kitchen and dry up in no time. *(He exits into kitchen.* DAVIS *crosses* L.*)*

HATTIE. *(Coming to him)* Here're some towels and underwear for you.

DAVIS. Oh, thanks.

HATTIE. *(Running into closet)* And I'll get you something dry—— *(Comes out with* JOHN'S *suit)* Here's John's suit. I *know* he'd like you to have that. (DAVIS *takes the suit.* HATTIE *points into the closet)* Can you change right in there? There's plenty of room.

DAVIS. Surely. *(He crosses her and goes into closet.)*

HATTIE. *(Starting toward table)* Nancy Holt's boy is in the bedroom.

DAVIS. *(Inside closet)* This is fine, but I hate to put you to all this trouble.

HATTIE. *(Getting one of the drinks from table)* It's no trouble. How would you like a good stiff drink? *(She starts back toward closet with drink in hand.)*

(MARION *enters, breathlessly.)*

DAVIS. I'd like it.

HATTIE. *(Putting her hand and arm into closet and giving* DAVIS *his drink)* Here you are, Mr. Davis.

DAVIS. Thanks.

MARION. *(Running directly to window* C.*)* Oh, excuse me, Miss Hattie, but is Percy here? They told me he was up here. Isn't it terrible? Is he all right?

HATTIE. *(At bureau, opening drawers and trying to fold some of the things that have been upset)* Sure, he's all right. He's drying off. *(She continues with her work as she speaks.)*

MARION. *(Starting for closet door)* I was driving my car over to my grandfather's house when I heard the explosion——

HATTIE. *(Turning quickly)* Keep away from there! Mr. Davis is in there changing his clothes.

MARION. *(Stopping short on platform)* Oh!

HATTIE. Percy's O. K. He's in the kitchen. (MARION *crosses quickly toward kitchen.)* But I wouldn't go in there either, if I were you. There's an awful rush on the BVD's. *(She takes a few steps toward center as she speaks, waving a suit of underwear at* MARION.*)*

MARION. *(Stopping and going up to window* C.*)* I knew perfectly well Percy'd have something to do with it!

DAVIS. *(In closet)* He fished me out all right.

MARION. Well, of course, Mr. Davis, I'm glad he did, but just the same I don't see why he has to be a life-saver.

HATTIE. *(Back at bureau, fixing drawers)* You didn't feel that way when he saved your life, did you?

MARION. No—but I don't see why a man has to devote his life to saving a lot of *strange* people.

DAVIS. *(In closet)* I'm going to see that he gets a whole lot of medals.

PERCY. *(Entering from kitchen and going to up* R.*)* Is Mr. Davis all right? *(He sees* MARION. *Stops)* Oh!

MARION. *(Crossing to* PERCY*)* There you are! And just look at you! (HATTIE *crosses to table to get another drink for* MR. DAVIS.*)*

PERCY. Oh—that's all right. I don't mind it.

MARION. Well, you should. Why, you might catch cold—or rheumatism——

(HATTIE *goes toward closet.* DAVIS *enters from closet in* JOHN'S *suit, which is about four sizes too small for him.)*

MARION. Why, a thing like this might bring on pneumonia!

HATTIE. Here's another drink, Mr. Davis. Do you good.

PERCY. *(Answering* MARION'S *speech)* But I'm all right.

DAVIS. *(Answering* HATTIE*)* Thank you, Miss Hattie. *(Then speaking to* PERCY*)* Say, I'm not going to forget what you did for me.

PERCY. *(Up* R.*)* Oh—that's all right, Mr. Davis. *(He sneezes.)*

(HATTIE *and* DAVIS, *standing in front of bureau, while* DAVIS *sips drink, talk about the accident,* JOHN'S *suit, etc., and* HATTIE *turns* DAVIS *around, looking him over.)*

MARION. Now—you see! You're sneezing. Do you realize what it means to me to know that you're always going to be jumping into the water?

(THUNDER.)

PERCY. Well, I couldn't stand there and do nothing, could I?

MARION. No—and you can't stand here the way you are, either. Come along home with me! *(She gives him a push toward street door.* PERCY *exits.)*

DAVIS. I'll go along with you, Marion, if you don't mind driving me down.

MARION. Why, not at all. *(Starts for door)* Good-night, Miss Hattie.

HATTIE. *(Still at bureau at* R. *of* DAVIS, *who is finishing his drink)* Good-night, Marion.

MARION. *(Off)* Hello, Doctor.

(DR. PRICE *enters, bag in hand.* PANSY *enters from bedroom.* DAVIS *starts for door* R.)

DOCTOR. *(Pausing)* Hello, Harry.

DAVIS. *(Crossing toward door)* How are you, Doc? Say, that's a pretty bad accident, isn't it?

DOCTOR. You weren't hurt, were you?

DAVIS. No—just mussed up a little. Good-night. *(Exits, closing door.* HATTIE *sits in chair* R. *of steps.)*

PANSY. Right this way, Doctor. (DOCTOR *starts* L. *for steps.)*

JOHN. *(Entering from kitchen)* Hello, Doctor. *(Goes directly up to window* C. *to look out at fire.* PANSY *goes down* L.C., *near chair.)*

DOCTOR. *(Going up steps and stopping on top step)* Good-evening, Mr. Horner. Plenty of excitement tonight. Had a dozen calls at the house already. Gosh, I hope this one isn't serious.

JOHN. So do I.

DOCTOR. Be too bad if you had a lot of law-suits on your hands right away, wouldn't it?

JOHN. What do you mean—"law-suits on my hands"?

DOCTOR. Why—on account of the dock.

JOHN. What have *I* got to do with it?

DOCTOR. You own it, don't you?

JOHN. I should say I do not! No. Davis owns it.

DOCTOR. *(Turning to enter room)* That's funny. Harry told me he bought it for you. *(Exits into bedroom.)*

(PANSY *collapses into chair* L.C.)

JOHN. *(After staring from the door to* PANSY *for a moment. He is a bit frightened by what the* DOCTOR *has said, but still can't possibly believe his ears. He makes a feeble attempt to josh it off)* What's Davis buying me presents for? *(He gets no response. He realizes that he is in a serious situation. To* PANSY, *taking a few steps down stage)* What do you suppose he meant by that?

PANSY. *(Fearfully, but determined to make a*

clean breast of it) Just what he said, John. You *do* own the ferry. I bought it, through Mr. Davis, for you. *(She puts her handkerchief to lips as though to stifle a sob.)*

(JOHN *gazes at her in amazement. He can't believe it possible. Then the full significance hits him. He trots up to look out at his burning and sinking property.)*

JOHN. *(Coming down* C. *and facing* PANSY*)* I don't suppose I ever said I didn't want to have anything to do with that ferry, did I?

PANSY. Yes, John, you did.

JOHN. What do you think I was doing? Talking to hear myself talk, like Hattie?

PANSY. No, John.

JOHN. *(After going up and taking another look at the wreckage through window* C.*)* Whose idea was that? Yours or Davis'?

PANSY. It was mine, all mine. Mr. Davis only attended to the details for me. It's just as I have always told you, John. I thought it would be nice if you had a little business that would keep you home near me.

JOHN. I suppose that's the reason why you never made out that check for me. There was no money left to put into a nice sensible thing like a good ship. It was all gone.

PANSY. Yes, it was.

(THUNDER.)

JOHN. *(At window* C.*)* What did they sting you for that? *(Indicating ferry.)*

PANSY. Forty-five hundred dollars.

JOHN. What! *(He takes a step toward her.)*

PANSY. Mr. Davis said it was very cheap.

JOHN. *(Coming down to* PANSY*)* Say, what *is* Davis in this house, anyway?

PANSY. He's nothing, John, but a very good friend and adviser.

JOHN. *(Starting back for window* C.*)* He may be a good friend, but he's a hell of an adviser! Do you think it's cheap now? Forty-five hundred dollars for a lot of firewood! And my money, too. Don't forget that! My money! And you never even asked me! *(He comes down center again.)*

PANSY. I did ask you, John, dozens of times.

JOHN. *(Stopping* C. *and facing her)* But did I ever say "yes"? No, I said "no" each and every time. *(He walks* R. *below table)* But you and Davis go over my head. You don't need my judgment—my advice. All you need is my money. *(He comes back* L. *below table)* Well, you've got that. *(He goes back up to window* C.*)* All there was of it. *(He looks at her accusingly)* That's a fine prospect for my boy, isn't it? You'll have to tear up the tablecloth now to make clothes for him. And with all the law-suits there'll probably be against me, he'll be an old man with a beard before I ever get out of jail to see him. That's great!

PANSY. *(Turning to him)* There isn't going to be any baby! (HATTIE *rises and goes to bureau.)*

JOHN. *(Coming down* C. *and going* R. *below table)* Now—I won't stand for that.

PANSY. There never was going to be any baby.

JOHN. *(Comes back* C. *and faces her, pointing his finger at her)* Why—you told me——

PANSY. I didn't say anything.

JOHN. *(Remembering)* That's right. *(He points accusingly at* HATTIE, *who is at bureau) You* said it!

HATTIE. I never did!

JOHN. Why—right here—you said—— *(He turns and points to the spot* HATTIE *stood on when telling him of his wife's condition. Then he realizes that she didn't say anything about a baby. Everything is clear to him. They've made a fool of him. He looks from*

one to the other) That's right. You just led me to believe it. *(Then he makes up his mind)* Well—— *(He claps his hands together)* That simplifies everything. *(He crosses quickly behind* PANSY *to closet.)*

PANSY. *(Her eyes following him)* What are you going to do?

JOHN. I'm going to get out of here. *(He opens door of closet and looks in. His suit is gone. He turns; looks at them. Then goes into closet and searches. Comes out and looks from* PANSY *to* HATTIE*)* Where's my new suit?

HATTIE. *(Timidly)* I gave it to Mr. Davis!

JOHN. *What!*

(The girls shrink. JOHN *crosses threateningly to* HATTIE, *then thinks better of it and crosses* R.C. HATTIE *runs down to* PANSY, *who is still sitting in chair* L.C. JOHN *spies* PANSY'S *new hat, which is lying on right corner of bureau. He runs to window* C., *opens it, takes* PANSY'S *hat, tears it in two and throws it through the window.)*

PANSY. *(Rising from chair and rushing to him)* John! That was my new hat!

JOHN. *(Taking few steps* R.*)* That was my new suit!

PANSY. *(Center)* Oh—you're just trying to get even!

JOHN. *(Pacing behind table from* R. *to* R.C.*)* Even! I'll never get even the rest of my life!

PANSY. *(Going to* HATTIE, *who is* L.C.*)* You wait till my mother hears about this! *(Reads line to* JOHN.*)*

JOHN. *(Stopping short in his pacing, at* R.C., *and facing her)* Go on and tell your mother. Or let me tell her. Get her on the telephone and ask her to come over here. I'll tell her.

HATTIE. Is that an invitation?

JOHN. No—it's a dare! (PANSY *buries her head in* HATTIE'S *shoulder.* HATTIE *comforts her.)* Your mother! (JOHN *sees mother's picture on bureau. Rushes to it.)*

PANSY. *(Crying on* HATTIE'S *shoulder)* I can't stand it! I can't stand it!

JOHN. *(Giving her a look)* Neither can I! *(He smashes the picture on the floor, then jumps on it triumphantly.* PANSY *screams.* HATTIE *is too astounded to move.* JOHN *points out window toward burning dock and ferry)* You thought that was a good investment, didn't you? Well, I think this is funny! *(He jumps on picture again)* Don't you think it's funny?

HATTIE. *(Gathering her courage and crossing to left of* JOHN*)* No!

JOHN. *(Taking few steps* R. *away from her)* You wouldn't. You're the only thing you think is funny!

HATTIE. *(Angrily)* John Horner, you pull yourself together!

JOHN. *(Coming back* C. *to her)* You shut up! And go on, get out of here! There're enough people interfering with my life. *(He starts pacing again, this time toward kitchen)* If it isn't you, it's Davis. If it isn't Davis, it's her mother! If it isn't her mother—— *(He is at the kitchen door. He looks in. A diabolical grin overspreads his face)* Dishes! *(He brings his hands together gleefully)* Mother's dishes! I've just been waiting for this—— *(He exits into kitchen.)*

(PANSY *and* HATTIE *stand* C., *horror-stricken. From kitchen comes a series of loud glass crashes, as* JOHN *proceeds to break the dishes.)*

HATTIE. He's crazy! He's crazy!

(DOMINICK *comes running out of the kitchen, still wrapped in the loud blanket and clutching it about him.)*

DOMINICK. What's de matter with him? *(The crashes continue from the kitchen)* What kind of place is this? He's crazy! (DOMINICK *opens street door and dashes out, while* HATTIE *screams at him not to go out in the rain without his clothes.)*

(PANSY *and* HATTIE *are thrown into action at* DOMINICK'S *entrance.* HATTIE *rushes to her coat and hat, which are lying on back of chair near fireplace, and* PANSY *runs into closet for hers. They both ad lib. remarks about getting their things and getting out before* JOHN *becomes more violent and starts on them. They are crossing* R. *for street door when* JOHN *enters from kitchen, catching them about up of table.)*

JOHN. *(To* PANSY*)* Where are you going?

PANSY. I'm getting out of here. I'm not going to stay where I'm not wanted. *(She is still struggling into her coat.)*

JOHN. Who said that?

(THUNDER.)

PANSY. Who said it? Why, you did. And Hattie will bear me out!

JOHN. *(Going toward* HATTIE *menacingly)* Listen, if she opens her mouth once more, somebody will bear her out on a stretcher. *(Then directly to* HATTIE*)* I thought I told you to get out of here! Go on! Get started!

(HATTIE *fearfully takes a few timid steps toward door.* JOHN *crosses* L. *and reaches for big harpoon next to cabinet* L.*)*

JOHN. Get out of here—— (HATTIE *scuttles across* R. *toward street door.)* —before I mistake you for a seal and spear you!

HATTIE. *(Opening the door and turning on him)* I'll put you in jail, John Horner!

JOHN. I don't care where you put me as long as it's some place you can't get in! (HATTIE *makes move to exit.* PANSY *starts to follow her.* JOHN *stops her) You* stay here!

PANSY. *(At door)* I will not!

JOHN. *(*C.*)* All right—get out! But don't say I never asked you! Go on—get out! (HATTIE *and* PANSY *exit hurriedly.* JOHN *stands in center of stage, fuming for a moment and triumphant. Then he realizes what has happened and dashes for the open door. He calls through it)* Pansy! Pansy! You come back here! *(He starts to follow, then holds out his hand, realizes it is raining and turns back into room. Runs madly* L. *to closet for raincoat. Stands in doorway of closet, reaching in for coat which is hung on hook on* L. *of closet.)*

(DOCTOR PRICE *enters from the bedroom. Coming down the stairs and finding the closet door blocking his path, he slams it shut, but it hits* JOHN'S *head. The* DOCTOR *doesn't notice this and crosses to center, looking about for some one of the family.* JOHN *comes rushing out of closet, struggling into his raincoat. The* DOCTOR *halts him* C.*)*

DOCTOR PRICE. What's your hurry?

JOHN. My wife just left me!

DOCTOR. *(Lightly)* That's all right—I'll give you mine.

JOHN. *(Trying to get past the* DOCTOR*)* Don't try to be funny!

LIFE
SAVER

DOCTOR. *(Stopping him)* Well, if you want to be serious, I'd like ten dollars.

JOHN. *(Looking at him blankly and still adjusting his coat)* What for?

DOCTOR. You sent for me, didn't you?

JOHN. I most certainly did not!

DOCTOR. Then who *is* going to pay me?

JOHN. I'll be damned if I know—but I know I'm not—so get out of my way! *(He struggles to pass the* DOCTOR. *The* DOCTOR *holds him, angrily.)*

DOCTOR. Don't take that attitude with me, Horner, or I'll make trouble for you!

JOHN. *(Stares at him)* Trouble! *(He becomes frantic and inarticulate. Grabbing the* DOCTOR *by the lapel of his coat, he drags him up toward window and jabbers madly. We only hear—)* Blown up! *(Then he waves vaguely toward the door and gasps)* My wife! *(Swings the* DOCTOR *around and points to the closet and almost weeps)* My clothes—Davis. *(Then he weeps)* I'm not going to have a baby! *(He falls almost tenderly on the* DOCTOR'S *neck)* And you're going to make trouble for me—— *(He laughs hysterically as—)*

CURTAIN

ACT III

TIME: *A sunny afternoon. Several days later.*

SCENE: *Same as first two acts, but the room is in disorder. The tablecover is thrown over the back of the easy chair near the fireplace; the window curtains are crooked. Several of the drawers of the bureau are open and bits of clothing stick out. The chairs are disarranged. There are playing-cards thrown on the uncovered table and two ashtrays, full of ashes, decorate it.*

PERCY *is discovered sweeping, down* C. *He has evidently just finished and has a small pile of odds and ends of rubbish and paper in a small heap in front of him.*

When curtain is well up, MARION *enters.*

MARION. *(As she enters)* Want any help?

PERCY. *(Looking at her and smiling, but a bit embarrassed at being caught at housework)* No, I'm all through now. *(He puts his broom up* L. *of bureau. Gets dustpan that is below window* C.*)*

MARION. *(Crossing* L. *below table)* Where's John?

PERCY. *(Coming down with dustpan)* Gone down to the village. Talks about selling the house.

MARION. Oh!

PERCY. *(Kneeling with dustpan and putting rubbish on it with whiskbroom) Every* time a meal is over he has to go to the village for something. He hasn't wiped a dish or done a stroke of work since I've been here. *(Straightens up, whiskbroom and dustpan in hand)* Just kicks about my cooking. *(He*

goes up to empty dustpan in waste-basket, which is below window C.)

MARION. Has he missed Pansy?

PERCY. *(Still at waste-basket)* I don't know. *(Starts down* C.) Of course he's had me here to do the housework. *(Then starts to get his coat, which is on back of chair* L.C.) But I'm not going to do another lick. I'm going to pack up and get out of here.

MARION. *(Taking a timid step* C.) What are you going to do?

PERCY. *(Putting on his coat)* I don't know. That depends.

MARION. Depends on what?

PERCY. On where I'm going.

MARION. Well, where are you going?

PERCY. I don't know. That depends on what I'm going to do.

MARION. *(Crossing toward him, decidedly)* Well, I'll tell you what you're going to do. That's what I came over here to see you about. I'm going to take you over to see my grandfather again.

PERCY. *(Taking few steps toward her)* I didn't like the way your grandfather talked to me the other day—asking me where I came from and did I ever go to school!

MARION. *(Timidly)* I know—but I spoke to him about giving you a position.

PERCY. *(Crossing* R., *back of* MARION, *to table, where he stops and stands behind chair which is* L. *of table)* I don't like to have you doing things like that for me.

MARION. *(Crossing to him and standing* L. *of him)* Why—why shouldn't I do it for you? We're—we're friends, aren't we?

PERCY. *(After giving her a glance)* Sure.

MARION. I mean—good friends. *(She looks at him anxiously. He is staring front.)*

PERCY. *(Gives her another glance, then looks front again)* Sure.

MARION. *(Shyly)* Well, that's what I thought. I certainly don't mind admitting that I like you. You like me, too—don't you? *(She takes a little anxious step closer to him.)*

PERCY. *(Looking at her)* Sure!

MARION. *(Almost hysterically)* For goodness' sake—can't you say anything but "sure"?

PERCY. *(Sincerely)* Sure—— *(Then realizing)* That is—I mean——

MARION. *(Beside herself and ready to cry)* Then for God's sake, say it! *(She stamps her foot)* Can't you understand how you make me feel? Standing here like a—like a—well, I don't know what—saying things I never thought I *could* say to anyone—— *(She turns away, burying her face in her hands)* If you cared anything about me at all—— *(She weeps.)*

PERCY. *(Dreadfully awkward and wondering what he had better do about it all)* Now—now—don't do that. *(He almost pats her)* Of course I care.

MARION. *(Turns and looks up at him, smiling through her tears)* Do you? *(She is radiant)* Do you, Percy? Do you really and truly? Do you? *(She waits for his reply anxiously.)*

PERCY. *(Stares at her stupidly)* What? *(He is so anxious not to have her cry again that he has forgotten he said he cared for her!)*

MARION. *(Just a little provoked at his slowness)* What you just said—care about me.

PERCY. *(Finally understanding)* Oh—yes. (MARION *dissolves into tears and buries her head on his left shoulder.)* Now, don't cry. *(He puts his arms about her awkwardly)* I—I love you! *(He blurts it out almost without realizing it.)*

MARION. *(Taking a step away from him and looking at him joyously)* Now you said it!

PERCY. *(Again not understanding)* Said what?

MARION. That you love me. You do love me, don't you, Percy? *(She starts to go back into his arms.)*

PERCY. *(Sincerely)* Sure.

MARION. *(Turning from him furiously and stamping her foot)* Don't say sure!

PERCY. *(Looking a bit apologetic)* But—but what will your grandfather say when he hears——

MARION. *(Taking his hands)* Oh, it's all right. I told him I was going to marry you.

PERCY. *(Astounded)* You did? Well, don't you think you were a little——

MARION. Yes—I think I was. *(But glad of it. He takes her in his arms and kisses her.)*

(JIM QUIRK *bursts into room. Sees them and turns quickly.)*

JIM. Oh—excuse *me!*

MARION. *(Stopping him)* Oh, it's all right, Mr. Quirk. *(She crosses back of table toward door, crossing* JIM, *who is standing up back of right corner of table)* I—I was just leaving. *(She looks at* PERCY *fondly)* Percy has something to tell you. Haven't you, Percy?

PERCY. *(Going down* R.C., *bashfully)* Sure. (MARION *throws* PERCY *a kiss. Exits, closing door.)*

JIM. *(Giving* PERCY *a knowing look)* Oh, I think I can guess the news. (PERCY *crosses below table toward kitchen.)* You're getting a break. Rich girls don't often pick a poor boy for a husband.

PERCY. *(Standing near kitchen door. Defensively)* Being poor's no disgrace.

JIM. No, but you're the first one I ever heard boost it.

PERCY. Money doesn't mean anything to me. Where I come from it's family that counts.

JIM. Where *you* come from!

PERCY. Yes, sir. I was bred in Kentucky.

JIM. You may have been bread in Kentucky, but you're just a crumb around here.

(PERCY *exits into kitchen.* JIM *starts to follow him, but is stopped by* JOHN *suddenly entering, followed by* DOMINICK.)

JOHN. *(Crossing toward window* C.*)* Perce, hey, Perce! Hello, Jim. Hey, Perce! (JOHN *is highly excited.)*

PERCY. *(Entering from kitchen and going up to join* JOHN *at the window)* What is it? *(Goes to left of* JOHN *at window, looking out.)*

JOHN. Look down there on the dock.

PERCY. *(Looking off* L.*)* Why, they've got the old ferry boat moved. (JIM *is at right of* JOHN, *looking out.* DOMINICK *is at large window* R., *also looking out.)*

JOHN. And look at that gang working down there on the dock!

JIM. What's the idea?

JOHN. That's what I'd like to know.

JIM. Why don't you go down and find out?

JOHN. Not me. I'm going to keep away from there.

JIM. Why? It's your boat and your dock.

JOHN. How do I know?

JIM. Why, Pansy said she bought it for you.

JOHN. Yeah? Well, I'll stake her to it. If Nick here is satisfied with your contract, I'll be out of town tomorrow—and to hell with all of them!

PERCY. *(Crossing toward street door)* I'll go down there and see what I can find out. *(He exits.)*

(DOMINICK *roams about the right side of room, looking the place over carefully.)*

JOHN. *(Coming down center)* All right.

JIM. *(Coming down to right of* JOHN *and giving* JOHN *the contract)* Here's your contract. I made it out in good legal form, same as when I bought the fish store.

JOHN. *(Looking at it)* This isn't exactly a fish deal, you know.

JIM. I know what it is. You're giving Dominick your house for his boat. It's an even swap.

JOHN. *(Looking contract over carefully)* Yes. I've got to give Nick Sam's check for five hundred dollars. But we get that back when he takes the house over.

JIM. Right. Have you got the check?

JOHN. Yes, right here. Say, this is a pretty long contract, isn't it?

JIM. Well, I wanted to get everything in it.

JOHN. *(Turning toward table)* All right, Nick. We're all ready.

JIM. *(Crossing* R. *below table)* How are you, Nick?

DOMINICK. *(Going to back of table)* Not so gude. I got a cold in de chest ever since that damn' dock bust. (JIM *is at right of table.* JOHN *is at left of it, picking up the playing-cards.)*

JOHN. Want a drink?

DOMINICK. No—thank you—not now. *(He sits in chair at back of table.)*

JOHN. Here's the contract, all made out by my friend Jim Quirk there. *(He takes the cards and one of the ashtrays and starts up toward bureau with them.)*

DOMINICK. *(Suspiciously—looking from* JIM *to* JOHN*)* He's a lawyer?

JOHN. *(At bureau)* Well—n-no—he runs the fish store.

DOMINICK. *(Glaring at* JIM*)* What *he* know about it?

JIM. *(A bit injured and taking a step toward*

street door) I know *all* about it—but if you don't want me—— (DOMINICK *continues glaring at him.)*

JOHN. *(Coming back to table* L.*)* We *do* want you, Jim. Need you for a witness, anyway. Come back here.

DOMINICK. *(Still glaring at* JIM. *Doubtfully)* Well—maybe. (JIM *comes back right of table.)*

JOHN. *(Sitting in chair* L. *of table)* Now, there's nothing in that contract about those coal consignments. I'm taking your word for that.

DOMINICK. Sure—sure. You take my word.

JOHN. You know, this is a good piece of business for you, Nick.

DOMINICK. Oh—the house is old.

JOHN. Yeah? Well, so is your boat. I could get eight thousand dollars for this house if I wanted to stay here and wait—couldn't I, Jim?

JIM. *(Looking at* DOMINICK*)* Sure—maybe more. (DOMINICK *glares at him anew.)*

JOHN. But you're getting the best of it because I'm in trouble. I've got to get out of town, and you know it. There're people around here may make claims against me any minute. Now, I'm not kicking about the deal and I want to close it, but just the same I want you to know that you're getting a bargain.

DOMINICK. *(Looking around)* I get the house—furniture—everything in it, yes?

JOHN. Everything.

DOMINICK. Where's the check?

JOHN. *(Fishing through his pants' pockets)* Right here—somewhere. *(Finding the check in his right pocket and handing it to* DOMINICK*)* Here it is. But you're to return this after you take the house over.

DOMINICK. *(Takes the check, looks it over carefully, turns it over and looks at endorsement, then puts it in pocket of vest)* I keep this.

JOHN. No, you don't *keep* it! That's a—a—— *(He can't think of the term "binder." He looks at* JIM*) You* tell him—Jim.

JIM. *(Leaning over—right of* DOMINICK*—and pointing to contract, which has title page and three full pages of terms)* You're getting this house for your boat—(DOMINICK *glares at him)*—and that check is a binder—(JOHN *snaps his fingers as he hears the word he couldn't think of, and murmurs, "That's it!")*—to show good faith. When the title's passed, you return the check.

DOMINICK. *(Rising from chair in deep disgust and reaching for hat which he has placed on floor, right of chair)* I think I get a regular lawyer. This fellow's no gude. *(He starts to go.* JOHN *stops him.)*

JIM. *(Taking few angry steps right toward his hat which he has placed on chair beneath window* R.*)* All right—go get one. I didn't want to do it in the first place.

JOHN. Wait a minute! Sit down, Dominick. (DOMINICK *sits.)* Here—— *(Hands contract to* DOMINICK*)* Read this. (DOMINICK *takes contract and looks at it scowlingly. Turns the pages blankly.* JOHN *takes it from him and hands it to* JIM*)* Never mind, Nick. Here, Jim, you read it to him. *(They all sit.)*

JIM. *(Putting on glasses, importantly. Is sitting in chair right of table. Takes contract and reads, very rapidly)* "For and in consideration of the sum of one dollar in hand paid unto each other, I, John Horner, hereinafter known as the party of the first part, do by these presents hereby give, hand over, cede, relinquish, release and transfer unto Nicholas Dominick, party of the second part, all of my right, title and interest and the right, title and interest of all my heirs, legatees, assignees, to the property known as the Horner House——" (DOMINICK, *who has been watching* JIM *in amazement, now looks over*

and stares into his face. Looks back at JOHN, *who is smoking complacently.* DOMINICK *pantomimes to* JOHN *that he'd like to know what it's all about.* JOHN *pantomimes back that everything is all right.* JIM *continues reading rapidly)* "Said property being located at Number 27 Beach Street, Snag Harbor, L. I., N. Y. In exchange for the transfer of this house, it is agreed that said Nicholas Dominick, party of the second part, shall give, hand over, cede, relinquish, release and transfer all of his claim, title, interest or proprietory rights of himself, for himself, his heirs, legatees, assignees or dependents——" (DOMINICK *pantomimes that he really can't stand much more of this.* JOHN *tries to placate him.)* "—to the boat known as the *Barracuda,* now lying at Fisher's Pier, Montauk Point, L. I., to the party of the first part, heretofore designated as John Horner. Also, five hundred dollars is to be paid by the party of the first part to the party of the second part with the understanding that said five hundred dollars is to be returned after the closing of the titles and the passing over of the deeds of the said property known as the Horner House, at Number 27——"

DOMINICK. *(Unable to stand a moment more of it)* Hey!

JIM. *(Stopping abruptly and staring at him)* What?

DOMINICK. When you going to stop?

JIM. *(Wonderingly)* What?

DOMINICK. Itsa too much! Itsa all talk—talk—talk! Why you no say something?

JIM. *(Giving* DOMINICK *a disgusted look)* I *am* saying something—and it's all there!

DOMINICK. *(Makes loud grunt of annoyance. To* JOHN*) He* don't know—he sell fish!

JOHN. *(Placating* DOMINICK*)* He's all right, Nick. Read that again, Jim. (DOMINICK *rises and makes attempt to get away. That would be too much*

for him. JOHN *stops him)* I mean, just the beginning. Go ahead, Jim. (DOMINICK *sits.)*

JIM. *(Reading)* "For and in consideration of the sum of one dollar in hand paid unto each other——"

DOMINICK. *(Interrupting)* Who give me a dollar?

JOHN. *(Doing his best to explain something he's not quite sure of himself)* Why—we're just *supposed* to give each other a dollar—to make it legal.

DOMINICK. Suppose nothing! *(Takes the contract from* JIM*)* I take it out! *(He takes pen from pocket, shakes it with right hand. Looks over first page of contract, takes out lines he doesn't like, murmuring, "That's no good. No good," as he does so.)*

JIM. *(As* DOMINICK *is deleting lines)* I think it ought to be there, but it's not my funeral.

DOMINICK. *(Hands contract back to* JIM*)* Now read it.

JIM. *(Reading)* "I, John Horner, hereinafter known as the party of the first part——"

DOMINICK. *(Again interrupting)* What you say? Party? Itsa no party! This is business! Gimme the contract! *(Takes contract from* JIM *again)* I fix it. *(Deletes two more lines from first page. Handing contract back to* JIM*)* Now read.

JIM. *(Turning page and reading)* "I, John Horner, do by these presents, hereby give——"

DOMINICK. Stop! *(Looking at* JOHN*)* Who give-a me presents?

JOHN. *(Who is getting distracted by this constant interruption)* You're getting a present of this house and you know it!

DOMINICK. *(To* JOHN*)* Well, I give the boat for the house! It's no presents. Gimme the contract! *(Takes contract from* JIM*)* I fix. *(Reads)* "Give" —that's all right. That's what you want to say. You give the house for the boat. *(To* JOHN*)* What's the

use all this—"hand over, cede, relinkish, release, transfer——" Whatsa all that?

JOHN. *(Not very sure)* It—it doesn't mean anything, Nick. It's just a fancy way of saying it.

DOMINICK. Well, why you gotta say the same thing forty times? Itsa give! That's enough! All the rest is supufluous. *(He deletes several lines, turning page to work at top of next page, punctuating his deletions with emphatic grunts and "no goods" or "I fix." Finally hands contract back to* JIM*)* Now read.

JIM. *(Turning pages)* "In exchange for this house, it is agreed that Nicholas Dominick, for himself, his heirs, legatees, assignees——"

DOMINICK. I "sneeze"! What for I sneeze? You don't have to say in the contract I catch cold! Take out—I "sneeze"! (JIM *takes out his pencil.)* Oh—this is *all* no gude!

JIM. *(Looking at* DOMINICK *piteously)* No good! Say, do you know how long I worked on that damned contract?

DOMINICK. *(With no sympathy for* JIM*—taking the contract from him)* Gimme the contract—I fix. *(Starts crossing out lines on page* JIM *was reading, grunting, "No gude," "I fix," etc.)* I make it gude.

JIM. *(Watching* DOMINICK *anxiously)* You want to strike out about the five hundred advance, too?

DOMINICK. *(Turning page and not looking at* JIM*)* Shut up, please. Here. Just leave, "also five hundred dollars." *(Hands contract back to* JIM*)* Now read it.

JIM. *(Taking contract and turning pages back to read first one)* "John Horner"—er—er—— *(Looks through page, then turns to next)* "Gives——" *(Looks through page for more words)* "House——" *(Turns page)* "For Nicholas Dominick's boat—also five hundred dollars." That's a hell of a contract!

*(*JIM *throws the contract on table, rising as he does so.)*

(SAM *enters.)*

JOHN. *(Looking up and seeing* SAM*)* Come on in, Sam, we're just fixing up the contract.

JIM. *(Picking up his hat from chair and crossing* L.*)* I'll say you're fixing it!

SAM. *(Crossing ominously toward table. To* JOHN*)* Say—where's that check I gave you?

JOHN. *(Looking at* SAM *in some wonderment)* I just gave it to Dominick.

SAM. *(Standing* R. *of table)* You gave it to Dominick!

JOHN. Sure. But we get it back as soon as he takes the house over.

SAM. Well, I'll get it back before then!

JOHN. Why? What's the matter?

SAM. *(Leaning over table toward* JOHN*)* Where's them contracts you told me he had for consignments to Guadaloupe and Haiti?

JOHN. *(Nodding toward* DOMINICK*)* He's got 'em.

SAM. *(Leaning toward* DOMINICK*)* You got 'em?

DOMINICK. Sure.

SAM. You got contracts with Bellew Bros.?

DOMINICK. That's right.

SAM. *(To* JOHN*)* You *seen* 'em?

JOHN. No—not yet.

SAM. No—and you never will—because there ain't any!

JOHN. How do you know that?

SAM. Because I ain't the same kind of a danged fool that you are. Because I made it my business to go down to New York and see Bellew Brothers!

DOMINICK. *(Rising)* You see Bellew Brothers?

SAM. Yes.

DOMINICK. Which brother?

SAM. *(Belligerently)* All of 'em! They told me I was crazy to sink money in a freighter. There ain't no business for 'em. And they ain't got no contracts with you, Dominick!

JOHN. *(Rising. To* DOMINICK*)* Say—listen—is that true?

DOMINICK. *(Placatingly)* Atsa nothing. Plenty business! Plenty business!

JOHN. *(Angrily)* Well, where're the contracts for the business?

DOMINICK. *(Oilily)* You don't need the contracts. You got a good ship—you get good business.

SAM. You can keep your ship and your business —I want that check back.

DOMINICK. *(Stubbornly)* The check is mine. I keep the check.

SAM. Well, you can keep it if you want to, but it won't do you no good, because I called up the bank and stopped payment on it.

DOMINICK. *(Putting hand to outside of pocket)* You mean, this check is no gude?

SAM. Not a danged bit—— *(He takes a few steps right)* —so you might as well hand it over. *(He goes up to join* JIM*, who has been watching the scene from right of window* C.*)*

DOMINICK. *(Turning to* JOHN *a bit angrily)* So —you make a big fool for me, eh?

JOHN. Why, you dirty crook, you told me you had those contracts all signed!

DOMINICK. *(Angrily)* Atsa business! You want to be a great man—a big captain! If I make you take the ship—atsa gude! *(Looks at* JOHN *contemptuously)* Big-a captain! You're just a big fool! *(Picks up hat from floor right of chair.)*

JOHN. *(Turning, crestfallen, away toward* L. *and going toward bureau)* There may be something in that, too. *(He barely murmurs the line.)*

DOMINICK. *(Regarding him)* Well—you no want to buy the ship?

JOHN. *(Without looking at him)* No.

DOMINICK. *(Shrugging his shoulders and turning* R.*)* All right—but if you change your mind—let me know.

JOHN. *(Going to chair* L.C. *and sitting)* I'm not going to change my mind.

DOMINICK. *(Dryly)* You can't tell. You do funny t'ings. *(Starts for door.)*

SAM. *(Taking step toward* DOMINICK *from window)* Say—you goin' to give me that check?

DOMINICK. *(Pausing with his hand on door knob)* You sure you call up the bank?

SAM. Yes. *(Makes a move* L.*)* And I guess I'll do it again right now.

DOMINICK. *(Stopping him)* It's all right. *(Digs into his vest pocket and brings out check. Hands it to* SAM, *who grabs it. Then he looks at* JOHN*)* Hey—Johnny Horner! *(Points to* SAM, *who is folding check and putting it in his pocket)* He's a smart man. *(Pats* SAM *on back) You're* the one that's got the pig's head. *(Opens door)* Good-bye. *(He exits.)*

JOHN. *(Faintly optimistic)* Well, we saved your five hundred, anyway, Sam.

SAM. *(Giving* JOHN *a look) We* saved it! *(He takes few steps* L.*)*

JIM. *(Going to back of table from window* C.*)* Well—guess I'll get under way. *(Looks at* JOHN *a bit sardonically)* So long—captain!

JOHN. *(Glancing at him, but taking the slap)* Oh, I'll be seeing you around.

JIM. No—I don't think so. So—— *(Takes a step left)* I guess I'll be saying good-bye to you now.

JOHN. *(Looking at him a bit wonderingly)* Going away?

JIM. *(Going back to back of table)* No—but you

know how things are. Hattie and I are going to be married on the fifteenth——

JOHN. Oh—yes. *(The light dawning on him a bit.)*

JIM. And I wouldn't like to have any trouble with her.

JOHN. *(Looking at him grimly)* Why marry her, then?

JIM. *(Disregarding this)* You know, I only sneaked over here to help you out with that contract, hoping the deal would go through and you'd be on your way—out of town—you know.

JOHN. Yeah.

JIM. So—— *(He crosses to* R. *of* JOHN*)* If I should happen to pass you on the street with Hattie—*(He offers his hand to* JOHN*, which* JOHN *takes.)* And don't speak to you, why, *you'll* undestand. *(They are shaking hands.)*

JOHN. Yeah—I'm poison, eh?

JIM. *(Dropping* JOHN'S *hand)* Yeah. *(He turns and exits quickly.)*

JOHN. *(To* SAM*, who is still up at window* C.*)* There goes a fellow I thought was my friend!

SAM. *(Coming down* C.*)* Johnny, there's something about this I don't like.

JOHN. There's nothing about it I like.

SAM. I'm getting superstitious. I don't think you was ever intended for the sea.

JOHN. *(Astounded)* What! When my father and his father——

SAM. *(Speaking in unison with* JOHN'S *"and his father")* And his father—and his grandfather—I know. But the way things are turning out, I wouldn't sail with you! *(He turns away* R.*)*

JOHN. Sam—— (JOHN *is panic-stricken) You're* not throwing me down?

SAM. *(Coming back* L. *to* JOHN*)* I'm telling you —you're marked for shoal water. It's *fate*—— *(He*

turns away R. *again)* And I wouldn't go against it.

JOHN. We'll get another boat, Sam, better than the *Barracuda.* You won't have to put up a nickel.

SAM. *(Crossing back to* JOHN*)* Johnny, I wouldn't sail on a battleship with you across Long Island Sound! You ain't lucky. I'm a sailor man. I got feelings. *(Turns away again—superstitiously.)*

JOHN. A lot of feelings you got to talk to a pal that way.

SAM. *(Coming back to* JOHN*, a bit apologetically)* Oh, now, Johnny, I don't mean them kind. *(He leans toward* JOHN*)* I mean, I got a sense you and me'll never go so far to sea we won't be able to spit on shore!

(The door opens. DAVIS *stands in doorway.* JOHN *and* SAM *look up.)*

DAVIS. Mr. Horner?

JOHN. *(A bit belligerently)* Don't you know it?

DAVIS. *(Somewhat taken aback by this reception but smiling)* Well—yes. May I come in?

JOHN. *(Coldly)* Why?

DAVIS. Your wife has asked me to see you. To have a talk with you regarding her affairs. I'm representing her legally.

JOHN. *(Rising)* I don't talk over my wife's affairs with strangers.

SAM. *(Trying to placate him)* Now, wait a minute, Johnny. Don't go flying off the handle.

JOHN. *(Obstinately)* I won't talk to him, I tell you!

SAM. *(Gently)* Well, then, let me. *(Turns to* DAVIS*)* Come in, Mr. Davis.

DAVIS. *(Closing door and taking few steps right)* If Mr. Horner isn't in the mood, I'm afraid my visit will be of no use.

SAM. *(Crossing toward table)* Can't tell. I've

seen Johnny bubble up before. He ain't so unreasonable as he seems. *(Turns back to* JOHN*)* Now, Johnny, you sit tight and rest yourself. *(Turns to* DAVIS*)* Sit down, Mr. Davis.

DAVIS. *(Sitting right of table)* Thank you. Now, Mr. Horner——

JOHN. If you've got anything to say, say it to Sam Bowen.

DAVIS. But my business is with you.

JOHN. If my wife has got to have somebody talk for her, I can have somebody talk for me.

SAM. *(With a look at* JOHN *and then at* DAVIS*)* I guess you'll find that best, Mr. Davis, if you want to get anchor up at all. *(He sits* L. *of table.)*

DAVIS. *(Smiling)* Very well, if you insist. First of all, then, I must advise you that Mrs. Horner has put her business as well as her personal affairs in my hands to proceed with full power of attorney.

SAM. *(After a glance at* JOHN*, in his best "legal" manner)* We accept that statement. *(He settles back in chair)* Proceed. *(He makes an inviting gesture.)*

DAVIS. *(Amusedly tolerant of* SAM*—addressing his remarks directly at* JOHN*)* Well, it seems that owing to certain differences of opinion, Mrs. Horner is denied admission to this house, where she thinks she may still have certain personal belongings which she wishes to collect.

SAM. Oh, Mrs. Horner is wrong in thinking that. Why, my—er—*(He looks at* JOHN*, searching for the suitable expression. Then he finds it and is suitably impressed by its importance)*—my client—wouldn't think of keeping Pansy out of the house, and if there's anything here belonging to her, she can have it. Ain't that right, Johnny? *(Turning to look at* JOHN.*)*

JOHN. *(Walking up stage a bit)* What does she want?

SAM. *(Repeating his words to* DAVIS*)* What does she want?

DAVIS. *(Smiling at this)* Only personal belongings. Just such things as she failed to take with her when she left his bed and board. Wearing apparel. Clothing.

SAM. Well, that's all right, ain't it, Johnny? *(Looking at* JOHN*)* Her clothes ain't no good to you. (JOHN *nods an "all right" to* SAM. SAM *nods to* DAVIS.)

DAVIS. With that permission, then, may I ask her in while she collects them?

JOHN. *(Crossing toward them hurriedly)* Is she outside?

SAM. *(Repeating to* DAVIS*)* Is she outside?

DAVIS. In my car, yes.

SAM. *(Looks at* JOHN. JOHN *nods to him. To* DAVIS*)* Ask her in. (DAVIS *goes up to door and signals to* PANSY *to come in.* SAM *grabs the match-holder from table and goes toward* JOHN *with it threateningly)* If you say the wrong thing to her, I'll split you.

JOHN. *(Turning from him and going up toward window* C.*)* I'm not going to say anything to anybody. (SAM *returns the match-holder to table.* PANSY *enters.)*

SAM. *(Going up toward back of table)* How are you, Pansy? Glad to see you again.

PANSY. How do you do, Mr. Bowen? (DAVIS *goes down* R.*)*

SAM. *(A bit importantly. At* R.C.*)* I'm kinda actin' for Johnny, Pansy, same as Mr. Davis is for you, and I want you to know that my client is perfectly willin' for you to have what you want that belongs to you—so go right ahead and collect. Why, he wouldn't dream of keeping any of your—geegaws.

JOHN. The way her mother did my laundry.

(PANSY *glares at him.* SAM *takes a slightly threatening step toward him.* JOHN *turns away.)*

SAM. *(To* PANSY*)* Go right ahead. (PANSY *crosses toward steps.)* Just make yourself at home.

PANSY. *(Pausing on step at bedroom door)* At home? *(There are almost tears in her voice. She opens the bedroom door and exits sadly.)*

DAVIS. *(Going back to chair right of table)* And now, while Mrs. Horner is collecting her belongings, suppose we talk about her business affairs. *(Sits.)*

SAM. *(Sitting left of table)* Proceed. *(Settles back importantly.)*

DAVIS. Mrs. Horner and her husband, as I understand it, had a joint bank account—or rather, the money which was on deposit in my client's name was the result of mutual savings.

SAM. *(Glancing at* JOHN, *who is trying to tidy up the room before* PANSY *comes out of bedroom)* That's so, ain't it, Johnny? (JOHN *nods.* SAM *settles back again)* Proceed.

DAVIS. *(Vastly amused at* SAM'S *importance)* Now, Mrs. Horner, on my advice, purchased the ferry and dock owned and operated by Mr. J. P. Potter for many years.

JOHN. *(Breaking in, a bit angrily)* That's what started the whole trouble! (SAM *raps for order.)*

DAVIS. I regret my part in your client's family disagreement, but the proposition seemed to offer good business possibilities and I was able to arrange the purchase for a very nominal sum.

JOHN. *(With a sarcastic laugh)* Nominal! Forty-five hundred dollars!

SAM. *(Rapping for order and speaking at same time)* If you don't keep quiet, I'll refuse to act for you!

DAVIS. My client spent that sum, I believe, without the knowledge or consent of your—er—client.

SAM. That's right. We was all set to buy the *Barracuda* and was counting on that same money.

DAVIS. Mrs. Horner feels and I have advised her that, since your client is dissatisfied with her purchase, she refund to him that portion of the money which he thinks is rightfully his——

SAM. You mean, she's taking it off his hands? Buying it back from him?

DAVIS. That's it.

BOWEN. *(Turning and looking at* JOHN*)* What do you say to that, John?

JOHN. *(Crossing to them)* Where is she going to get the money to do that? (BOWEN *looks at* DAVIS *for his reply.)*

DAVIS. *(Smiling at* SAM*)* You haven't answered my question.

SAM. I—what? *(Then realizing his legal lapse)* Oh—— Where is she going to get the money to do that?

DAVIS. That is a question I do not care to answer. The fact that my client is willing to reimburse your client to the full extent of his claim should be sufficient.

SAM. Well, you can't blame him for being curious. A man ought to know where his wife's money is coming from—and going to.

DAVIS. A man's wife, yes—but under the conditions, she feels that in spirit at least they are not mated.

SAM. *(Looking a bit dolefully at* JOHN*)* He's got you there, Johnny. If you and Pansy ain't goin' to go on livin' together no more, you're just buttin' in askin' a question like that.

DAVIS. What portion of the five thousand dollars would your client claim as his?

SAM. How much you say, Johnny?

JOHN. *(Who has wandered disconsolately down* L.*)* Nearly all of it.

SAM. Oh, now, you can't write that on a check. Can't you figure in dollars and cents?

JOHN. Oh, how do I know?

SAM. You got some idea, ain't you?

JOHN. Well—four thousand dollars, anyway.

SAM. *(To* DAVIS*)* Four thousand hit you all right?

DAVIS. Yes, we are satisfied to settle on that basis.

JOHN. *(Crossing quickly to them)* What do you mean by "we"?

DAVIS. *(Smilingly)* Well, then, I'll say, Mrs. Horner has told me that she is perfectly satisfied with that arrangement. For four thousand dollars, then, you will re-assign your interest in the ferry and its properties and take a check for that amount?

SAM. *(Rising and going to* JOHN*)* What do you say to that, Johnny? Looks like it was the best thing to do.

JOHN. *(*C. *Doubtfully)* I—don't—know.

SAM. Johnny, it seems to me you've been arguing with Pansy about that money ever since you got the first nickel of it. Now this is a great chance to get rid of somethin' you don't want for somethin' you do.

JOHN. *(Suddenly making up his mind)* All right. *(Turns* L., *undecidedly)* It looks as though Pansy were determined to call everything off—so—let it go.

SAM. *(Going back to table. To* DAVIS*)* That suits us.

DAVIS. *(Rising)* All right, then, I'll send you my check for four thousand dollars.

(The door opens and JIM QUIRK *enters. He is followed, lazily, by* HATTIE.*)*

JIM. *(Crossing directly to* JOHN, *who is* L.C. *and speaking during his cross)* I've got the dope, John. It's the insurance company that's rebuilding the dock

and there's a new ferry boat coming up now to replace the old *Snag Harbor.*

JOHN. *(Staring at him)* The insurance company? *(He is puzzled for just a second. Then it all dawns on him. He looks over at* DAVIS *accusingly)* Say—what were you trying to do? Double-cross me?

DAVIS. How?

JOHN. Getting me to sell to you for four thousand dollars! You knew damned well that boat and dock were covered by insurance.

DAVIS. *(Easily)* Of course I did. So did your wife. She asked all about the insurance before she bought. It's too bad you've lost her. She's a smart woman.

HATTIE. *(Back of table)* She never proved it to me till she walked out on him. (JOHN *makes a threatening step toward her.* JIM *goes over to her.)*

DAVIS. *(To* JOHN*)* I take it, then, you're not accepting our proposition?

JOHN. I should say I'm not.

DAVIS. Very well, then, I've nothing more to say. *(Crosses to street door)* I'll wait for my client. *(Exits.)*

SAM. *(Left of table, facing front)* Well, you still got the ferry, Johnny.

JOHN. *(Going up to look out of window* C.*)* Yeah.

SAM. *(Complacently)* You can't fool an old sailor man. I said you weren't going in no deep water.

JOHN. *(Crossing down to* L.C.*)* You don't think I'm going to stay here and run that scow, do you?

JIM. *(Crossing to* C., *speaking to* JOHN*)* You wait till you see the new boat, John. She's no scow. She's all brass-trimmed. I'll bet she'll carry as many as a dozen automobiles. (HATTIE *goes to window* C.*)*

JOHN. Yeah?

JIM. Go take a look at her. She's just below Burkin's Landing.

JOHN. *(Stands undecidedly. Then he weakens, slowly)* Want to take a look at her, Sam? *(He crosses toward street door,* R.*)* I suppose I ought to. Make sure that insurance company hasn't put anything over on me. *(He reaches the door. Turns to the others)* If they have, I'll raise hell with 'em. *(Exits.* SAM *starts to follow, going below table.* JIM *also starts, going above table.)*

JIM. Honest, it's a peach of a boat, Sam. I wouldn't mind owning her myself.

HATTIE. *(Taking a few steps* R. *toward* JIM*)* Where are you going, Jim?

JIM. *(Stopping and looking at her)* With Sam and John to look at the boat.

HATTIE. You've seen the boat. You stay here with me. (JIM *stops undecidedly.* SAM *snorts derisively, then turns to* JIM.*)*

SAM. *(Is standing right of* JIM*, near door.* JIM *is in the middle.* HATTIE *is at left)* Jim, I've been around the world a dozen times and there's one thing the same the world over.

JIM. *(With a "what about it" attitude)* Well?

SAM. *(Continuing)* There's one kind of a man that doesn't change, whether he's an Italian, Scandinavian or Indian—and that's the fellow that lets his wife boss him. Now, I'm warning you, don't you start that way. (JIM *nudges him to be careful, with a side glance to see how* HATTIE *is taking it.)*

HATTIE. *(Taking a step or two toward them)* I'll thank you, Sam Bowen, not to try to make trouble between Jim and me!

SAM. *(Crossing* L. *in front of* JIM *to her)* Well, ain't that just what you've been doing to Pansy and Johnny?

JIM. *(Twiddling his hat a bit uncertainly and apologetically)* Well—I always liked John.

SAM. *(Looking at* JIM*)* Sure you did! It was him who introduced you to Hattie, here, wasn't it?

(Then he looks at HATTIE*)* Although I don't know as you'd regard *that* as any favor! *(And crossing on the line, he exits.* JIM *closes the door after* SAM *and turns on* HATTIE.*)*

HATTIE. *(A bit contemptuously)* Oh, don't pay any attention to him. *(She crosses* L.*)*

JIM. *(Crossing slowly to* HATTIE, *making up his mind as he goes)* You know, you *do* make a lot of wise cracks, and a lot of the things you say are not funny, either. Now, I'm a serious guy, I am. I'm serious about my business and I'm serious about you and I'm serious about marriage—and I'm not going to make any mistakes if I can help it, but if I do, I'm not going to have anybody laughing at me, or making fun of me, because that's the time I may want a little sympathy myself, and if I don't get it at home, I may go calling somewhere else were I will get it. *(He has said this all in one breath. Now he pauses and lets his words sink in)* Now, I didn't mean to say so much about it and I don't expect you to reform all at once, but start in, Hattie! *(He is in dead earnest, and* HATTIE *is so taken aback by this sudden outburst from the usually monosyllabic* JIM *that she stares at him in astonishment for a moment.)*

HATTIE. *(Finally finding her tongue)* All right, Jim. *(She is quite meek, for* HATTIE.*)* I'll try, because I want you to be proud of me.

JIM. I *am* proud of you.

HATTIE. And we'll go to Atlantic City on our honeymoon?

JIM. *(Taking a step or two away from her* R. *He has heard Atlantic City for their honeymoon for weeks on end)* Now—listen—I thought you agreed we ought to save?

HATTIE. Well, I'm going to *work* in the fish store, but do we have to spend our honeymoon there?

JIM. *(With a step* L. *toward her)* The apartment over the fish store's all right! You can see the water right out the window!

HATTIE. *(Reflectively)* Maybe just as much water as there is at Atlantic City——

JIM. Sure.

HATTIE. *(Sadly)* But it doesn't smell the same.

(PANSY *opens the bedroom door.* JIM *walks away* R. *from* HATTIE *again, with a smothered, "Oh, now, I thought you were going to quit.")*

PANSY. *(Seeing* JIM *and* HATTIE*)* Oh! *(She has two valises and some clothes over her arm.)*

HATTIE. *(Turning to look at* PANSY*)* It's all right. Come on in.

PANSY. *(In doorway—looking around)* Why—has John gone?

HATTIE. Yes—he's gone.

PANSY. *(Starting down steps)* Where's Mr. Davis?

HATTIE. *(Going* L.C.*)* He said he'd wait for you.

PANSY. *(Crossing* R. *toward table)* Look at this room! My home!

HATTIE. *(Helpfully)* Wait till you see the kitchen. It looks like the hold of a mud-scow. (PANSY *gives a little glance toward kitchen, shakes her head. Puts grips down on floor beside table,* L., *puts clothes on back of chair left of table.)*

JIM. *(Fooling with his hat and speaking very diffidently)* Pansy—I wish you wouldn't be sore at John just because he wanted his own way once in a while.

PANSY. *(Crossing* L. *to closet)* Oh, it's no use, Jim. How many times do I have to tell you?

JIM. Aw—a fellow's got to be boss in his own home. When Hattie and I are married, Hattie'll want me to boss her, won't you, Hattie? (PANSY *has gone into closet.)*

HATTIE. *(Drily)* Mmm—yeah. Say, Jim, you go take a look at that ferry. *(She takes few steps down*

stage. JIM *is surprised at this. He suddenly thinks he has "tamed"* HATTIE *and starts for the door importantly and triumphantly, looking back at* HATTIE *as he goes. As he exits he smiles at* HATTIE *broadly.)*

PANSY. *(Coming out of the closet with some wrapping paper and string)* Hattie—— (HATTIE *takes step toward* PANSY.) I laid out some things in the bedroom. Bring them down for me, will you? *(She crosses to the bureau, while* HATTIE *crosses to platform* L.)

HATTIE. *(On platform)* Pansy, are you sure you want to go through with this?

PANSY. *(At bureau, where she is getting some of her things from drawers)* Now how many times do I have to tell *you?* Please don't stand there arguing with me, Hattie. I've got to get my things together and get out of here before John gets back.

HATTIE. *(Going up the steps)* Well, you ought to know what you want.

(PANSY *takes the wrapping paper and her things down to table. She spreads the paper on the table.* JOHN *enters.)*

JOHN. *(With a broad grin)* Hello, Pansy.

PANSY. *(Regards him coldly for a moment. Then)* Hello. *(She turns away from him and goes ahead with her work of folding her dresses and putting them in the paper.)*

JOHN. *(Taking a step toward her and in his most honeyed voice)* How's mother? (PANSY *freezes him with a glance.* JOHN *is not discouraged. He goes ahead, still grinning)* I was just down looking at our new ferry boat.

PANSY. *(Without looking at him)* Yes.

JOHN. *(With another step or two toward her)* She's a beauty all right. The insurance company sure did a great job.

(New ferry starts cross from R. *to* L.*)*

PANSY. *(Putting something into one of her grips left of table)* Oh, you know about it, do you?

JOHN. *(Coming still closer to her and being as charming as possible)* Sure—that's what had me wondering when the Doctor spoke about law-suits the other night. I said, "Gee, that's not like Pansy to overlook a thing like insurance." I knew you were too smart for that.

PANSY. *(Going on with her packing, but stopping long enough to give* JOHN *a cold look)* When did you find that out? *(She is back of table, with* JOHN *just right of her.)*

JOHN. *(Hesitating just a bit)* Well, of course, I didn't find it out until just this afternoon, but I felt sure you hadn't overlooked a thing like that. *(He sits in chair right of table)* Yes, sir, that's a peach of a boat. Gee, it will be great to be up in that pilot house and look out over here where I can see you waving to me.

PANSY. *(Impassively)* You'll only see me waving to you once and then I'll be waving good-bye.

JOHN. *(Tilting back in his chair)* Why? What's the matter with you? *I'm* not sore. Everything's all right.

PANSY. *(Putting more things into her bag at* L. *of table)* But everything's not all right with me. I only came here to get my clothes together. I hoped I wouldn't see you.

JOHN. You mean, you didn't want to see me?

PANSY. *(Folding a dress and putting it on the paper)* I never want to see you again. *(She turns to get another dress)* I told Mr. Davis I'd give you a divorce.

JOHN. *(Is astounded)* A divorce! *(He rises and walks upstage. He can't believe his ears)* What are you talking about? *(He turns and comes back down*

toward her) I forgive you! *(She looks at him a bit angrily. He comes to her side, pleadingly)* Listen, I'm willing to let the whole thing drop. I'm not even going to ask you where you were or what you've been doing the last few days. And I'm not finding fault with you for walking out on me and leaving me flat.

PANSY. *(Turning on him furiously)* Leaving you! Why, you—you put me out! You put me out of my own home!

JOHN. I did not. You went out yourself. I tried to get you to come back. I hollered after you.

PANSY. But you didn't come after me!

JOHN. No, it was raining. (PANSY *gives him a withering look. He goes right on)* By the time I got my raincoat you were gone. *(He is at the right of her and once more he starts his wheedling)* Gee, we were both upset that night. It was enough to make anybody get up in the air. Honest, I don't know how you handled things the way you did. You certainly were wonderful. I was telling the boys only yesterday.—No, the day before yesterday.—I said, "You know, when it comes to an emergency, my wife is right there."

PANSY. You never thought of these things until you were losing me.

JOHN. I didn't think I *could* lose you. *(She turns on him angrily. He realizes he hasn't said the right thing and tries to show her that he hadn't meant it as it sounded. He puts his arm around her waist. She pulls away a bit.)*

PANSY. I tell you, I'm through!

JOHN. But I can't let you go! *(He grabs her tightly around the waist.)*

PANSY. *(Wrenching herself loose fiercely)* Don't *touch* me!

JOHN. *(Stepping away)* Oh—damn it! *(He puts his finger to his mouth.)*

PANSY. *(Turning to him)* What's the matter?

JOHN. *(Sucking his finger)* Those damned pins. You've always got your clothes full of pins. *(Accusingly.)*

PANSY. *(Quickly)* Is it cut? *(She reaches for his hand)* Let me see. *(She looks at it and gives a tiny scream)* Oh, it's bleeding!

JOHN. *(Pitying himself)* I don't care if I bleed to death.

PANSY. Oh, darling, don't say that! *(She starts bandaging his "wound" with her handkerchief.)*

SAM. *(Offstage, outside of street door)* Johnny!

JOHN. *(Looking toward door)* Yeah? (PANSY *is busy with her bandaging.)*

SAM. *(Entering, watch in hand)* You going to run the new boat on the old schedule?

JOHN. Same one, Mate.

SAM. She's due to leave in five minutes.

JOHN. Be right with you, Mate.

SAM. Aye-aye, Captain. *(Salutes.)*

(JOHN *returns the salute.* SAM *stands there grinning at seeing* PANSY'S *attitude toward* JOHN.)

JOHN. *(Turning to* PANSY *and putting his hands on her shoulders, motioning toward her clothes with his head)* Put those things away. Or throw them away. I don't care. I'll buy you a lot of new ones. What do you say?

PANSY. *(Hesitates for a moment—but just for a moment)* Yes, dear. *(She clings to him. He kisses her. Then he disengages himself and starts for left side of stage.)*

JOHN. Now to get my captain's hat. I told you I'd wear that hat some day! *(He gets it from the hook and puts it on. As he does so,* HATTIE *enters from the bedroom.)*

HATTIE. *(As she sees* JOHN *in the cap)* Hello, Captain! *(She stands on platform at top step.)*

JOHN. *(Regarding her)* How can you look me in the face?

HATTIE. *(Crisply)* I'm used to it!

(The ferry whistle blows.)

JOHN. *(Going back to* PANSY, *who is still back of table, and again putting his hands on her arms)* Will you be here when I get back?

PANSY. Yes, dear.

JOHN. Well, listen, have something decent to eat, will you? I haven't had a regular meal since you left.

PANSY. *(Kissing him)* We'll have everything you like, dear.

JOHN. *(Giving her a little pat)* Atta girl.

SAM. Hurry up, Skipper!

(JOHN *crosses hurriedly toward door as* SAM *exits.* PANSY *runs after* JOHN, *stopping him as he reaches door. She throws her arms around him and covers him with kisses.)*

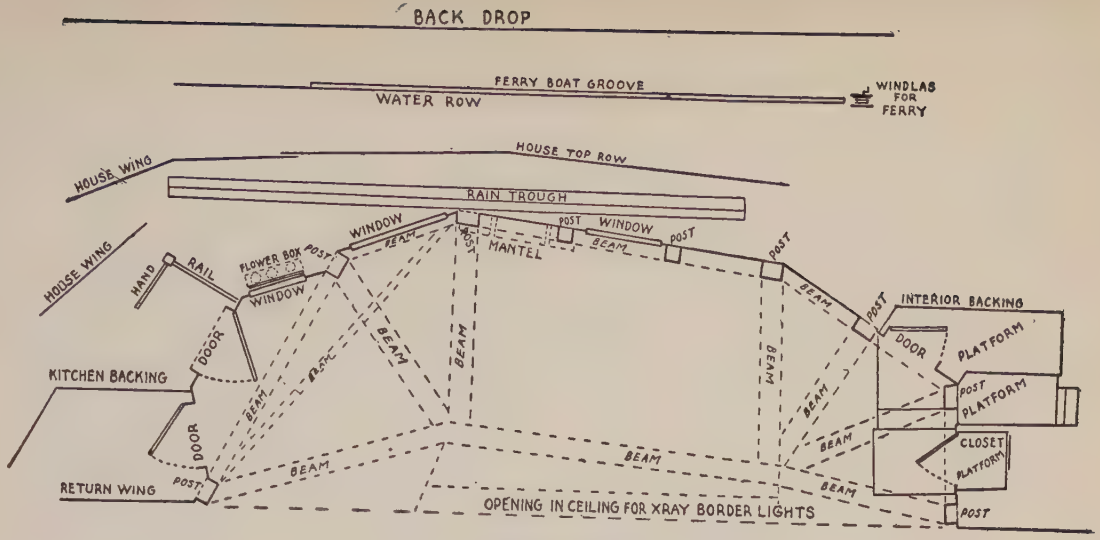
JOHN. *(Almost gasping for breath and trying to get free)* Hey—what's the idea?

PANSY. Oh, I can't help it, John. I just hate to have you leave me!

JOHN. Leave you! Hell, I'll be back in twelve minutes!

(PANSY *clasps her hands with joy as* JOHN *makes his exit and the Curtain falls.)*

FINIS



SCENE DESIGN

"SALT WATER"

ELECTRICAL PLOT

ACT I

At Rise:

Foots, amber and pink, full up.
X-ray Border, pink and straw, full up.
1 Bunch Light, white, full up, R.2.
Rear: 2 Borders, pink and white, and white, full up. 3 Strips, pink and white and red, in the ground row, full up.

At Cue:

1 Light, amber, R.1—worked by John.
1 Light, amber, L.1, worked by John.

ACT II

At Rise:

Stage Brackets, Foots, amber and pink, full up.
X-ray Border, pink and straw, full up.
1 Ship's Lamp (smoked glass).
1 Bunch Light, blue, full up, R.2.
Strip, amber, L.2 (bedroom).
Rear: Third Border, Blue, full up.
Extra Floor Strip, blue, in ground row.
1 Rain spot, R.
1 Rain spot. L.
2 Miniature Battery Lights on Ferry; lighted for 3 crosses.
Cloud effect.
Smoke effect.
1 Fan for smoke.
Fire effect; work on dimmer, slow flare up and down every two minutes from explosion to curtain.

At Cue:

When Hattie presses switch R.:
Stage X-rays and foots and brackets and ship lamp, and hall (bedroom) and extra floor strip blue, and blue border, out quickly with switch cue.
When switch R. is pressed on:
Same hook-up; up quickly with switch cue. (See Dimmer cue above.)

ACT III

Same as Act I, with additional 4th Border, white.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

Off R. *Kitchen:*
1 Apron.
1 Tablecloth and 2 napkins, matched.
1 Broom.
1 Box of kitchen matches.
On Shelves:
1 Glass pitcher of water.
2 knives, 2 forks, 2 serving spoons, 4 teaspoons.
2 Cups and saucers.
1 Creamer.
1 Sugar bowl.
1 Butterdish.
1 Bread plate.
Salt and pepper shakers.
2 Plates
2 Hot pads.
1 Stew dish.
1 Coffee percolator.
2 Glasses.
Celery.
Crackers (Graham).
Stew (in dish, hot).
Coffee (in percolator, hot).
Bread (slices, on plate).
Butter (in dish).
Milk (in creamer).
Sugar (in bowl).
Coca-Cola juice (in bottles).

Off R. *Back:*
1 Ship's Model.
1 Blue bandanna handkerchief.
1 Lady's hat, in
1 Lady's hat-box.
Hall tree or hooks.
Pipe, and 1 Tin of tobacco.
1 Doorkey for John.
Pilot's cap for John.
Off L.:
In Closet:
1 Felt hat for John, with other clothing hanging.
Back:
1 Ferry whistle.
1 Telephone bell.
Clock-strike effect.
1 Windlass for Ferry Cross.
On Bedroom wall:
1 Maple-leaf-frame picture.
On Stage:
1 Dining room Table, down R.C.
1 Rocker, padded, down L.C.
1 Wicker armchair, padded, up, R. front of fireplace.
7 Kitchen chairs:
1 at R. wall, front of kitchen door.
1 at L. wall, front of closet door.
1 R. of table.
1 L. of table.
1 back of table.
1 (rush-bottomed) L. of R. window.
1 (rush-bottomed) L. of sideboard.
1 High-boy with 4 drawers, L. of C. window.
1 What-not over high-boy.
1 Old-fashioned sideboard L. of high-boy.
1 Rug (Rag), room C.
1 Rag Rug as carpet for stairs.
1 Small rug, front of fireplace.

1 Small rug, R. of closet platform.
1 Door rug at door R.
Ground cloth, down through.
1 Wicker waste basket R. of high-boy.
Drape (side) curtains, matched, on three windows.
Shades (canary) on three windows.
Fireplace, up, R. of C. window.
Andirons.
Fender.
Mantelpiece, smoked wood-like beams, over fireplace.
3 Lamp shades for 3 brackets:
on beam down R.
on beam R. of L.2E.
on beam L. of R.C. window.
1 Telephone in alcove front of closet door.
1 Telephone pad on beam down L.
Box of geraniums, window R.
1 Vine plant hung from beam L. of window R.
1 Ship's Lamp, smoked, hung middle of R. cross-beam.
1 Small shelf, red-tasseled, for ship model, over sideboard.
1 Captain's hat (size 7¼), hung from L. of shelf.
Quadrant on R. of shelf.
Old Spy-glass, hung beneath it.
2 Old Harpoons X on wall over shelf.
1 Full-length harpoon standing L. of sideboard.
Old portrait of John's father over mantelpiece.
Barometer on beam L. of bureau.
Aneroid Barometer on beam L. of C. window.
Binoculars on beam R. of C. window.
1 Tortoise on beam beneath ceiling, C.
1 Lock, practical, for D. R.
The number 27 on top of D. R., off.
Rear R.:
1 Bush, front of Exterior.

On Table:
1 colored table cover.
1 stone match-holder.
On Mantelpiece:
2 brass candlesticks.
2 blue candles.
2 china ornaments.
On Two shelves of whatnot:
Books, large and small, of different colored bindings; old family books, etc.
On high-boy:
Picture of Pansy's mother R.
1 Old silver hand mirror.
1 Tobacco jar L.
1 Stone match-holder L.
4 Album-sized books on back, 2 on L. and 2 on R. of it.
In Sideboard:
Top shelf: Silver mace ink-holder; old curled dish; seashell.
Middle shelf: Metal measuring instrument; small shell; starfish.
Bottom shelf: Seashell; china piece; small shell in tiny wooden bucket.
1 Foghorn whistle, blown three times before each curtain.
1 Ferry, dark-colored, 24 inches at base, for crossings in Acts I and II.
1 Ferry, red-colored, 14 inches long at base, for Act III.

ACT II

Blue envelope Real Estate contract for Davis.
Raincoat for Davis.
Pail of water and sponge and whiskbroom.
Raincoat for Jim.
Raincoat for boy.

Yellow raincoat for Dominick.
Raincoat and hat for Marion.
Doctor's bag.
—The above 9 props off R. back.

Off R. *Kitchen:*
1 Square tray with
4 goblets and
1 quart bottle, full, and
1 glass pitcher of water.
Glass crash effect.

Off L. *back:*
For crash—Lumber and crash machine and ladders and carpet.
For boiler explosion—Revolver Barrel with Rug.
For thunder—1 drum, 1 stick.
Ferry whistle.
1 Fan for smoke.

Rear:
1 Trough for rain, R. to L., front of ground row.
Rubber tubing.
1 Drain pipe R.

Off L. *bedroom:*
1 Chair.
1 Indian blanket for Nick.

Off L. *Closet:*
1 Suit of clothes.
1 Raincoat for John.
1 Raincoat and hat for Pansy.

On Stage:
1 Colored tablecover on back of chair back of table.
1 White tablecloth on table.
Coat and hat for Hattie, on armchair.
1 Match-holder on mantelpiece.
Pansy's purse on L. of high-boy.
1 Match-holder on high-boy L.
Trick hat (buttoned for ripping), duplicate of Pansy's, on high-boy R.

In high-boy drawers:
Top—6 articles of negligee, etc., for Pansy; Second—3 suits of underwear (winter), and 6 towels; Third—4 blankets; Bottom—extras for emergency.

ACT III

Off R.:
Check for John.
Real Estate contract for Jim.
Off L. *closet:*
Wrapping paper with string.
Off L. *bedroom:*
3 Dresses for Pansy.
2 Suitcases.
Handkerchief.
Ferry whistle L. back.
On Stage:
Colored tablecover on back of armchair.
Curtain L. of R.C. window on sill.
Chair L. of sideboard tipped back against platform.
Waste basket filled up C.
2 Match-holders on table.
Playing cards half-dealt on table.
Their empty box.
Front oval leaf of table is down.
1 Broom for Percy.
1 Whiskbroom on R. of high-boy.
1 Dustpan R. foot of high-boy.
Piece of underwear sticking out of R. of 2nd drawer.
Top of bureau disordered.
Floor C. littered with paper cleanings.
Felt hat for John off R.

Royalty on this play payable to our
Los Angeles Office
SAMUEL FRENCH
FINE ARTS BLDG., 811 WEST 7TH STREET
TELEPHONE VANDIKE 6884 LOS ANGELES, CALIF.